HISTORY

New Statesman

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FEB 14 1961

The Week-end Review

ROOM

VOL. LXI · No. 1559 FRIDAY · 27 JANUARY 1961 NINEPENCE

POOL

MR KENNEDY'S AMERICA

A special issue including

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
Washington Report

PROF. J. M. BURNS
on the New President

ROBERT BENDINER
on the New Congress

ANTHONY HOWARD
on Madison Avenue

SIR GERALD BARRY
on Pueblo Indians

MARCUS CUNLIFFE
Emerson Today

V. S. PRITCHETT
American Gothic

K Can Speak to K

THE policies of the new American Administration have yet to emerge. But already there is a new and distinctive flavour in Washington: a combination of hard-headed caution and sheer intellectual energy which accurately reflects the personality of the young President. For the first time in a decade, the basic strategy of the West is being subjected to a thoroughgoing critical re-appraisal: at last, as R. H. S. Crossman points out on another page, the West has a high command which, in talent and brain-power, measures up to the professionals in the Kremlin.

For this reason, we must not expect any early, still less spectacular, gestures on Mr Kennedy's part. In his inaugural address he made it plain that he will give the very highest priority to foreign affairs, and he rightly indicated that he will concentrate on areas where agreement is possible, leaving more contentious issues in cold storage for the present. He starts his task with a limited measure of good will, at least in Moscow; he must husband and expand this cautiously, rather than risk it on a single major gambol.

Mr Kennedy, then, will explore the foothills before surveying the summit. Having taken this strategic decision, he must now consider which are the areas of potential agreement which will yield the most speedy dividends. At the top of the list stands Laos. Here, all the elements for a settlement – including the diplomatic mechanism for reaching it – are already in existence. Right until its last moments in office, the Eisenhower Administration resisted British pressure for reconvening the Geneva Commission. Mr Kennedy's first major act of policy, therefore, should be to ensure that, whatever the attitude of the Laotian 'government', the Commission is flown out immediately. He should also consider afresh the Cambodian proposal for a 14-power meeting. This may seem an adventurous step at present; but once the Commission succeeds in damping down the fighting, and provides an objective factual survey of the problem, such a conference would appear logical.

Secondly, Mr Kennedy must think carefully about US tactics in the United Nations. His lieutenants have already made it clear that the US will accept defeat over China's eventual admission with resignation, if not with equanimity. But more positive planning is required if the US is to regain the initiative it has lost with the erosion of its automatic majority. Mr Krushchev's one big success, during the autumn sitting of the UN, was his insistence that the UN Secretariat, and the network of standing committees, do not accurately reflect the new balance of power in the Assembly. Mr Kennedy will, of course, reject Mr Krushchev's destructive plan to castrate the Secretariat itself: but he can shrewdly steal Krushchev's thunder by backing the demands of the new African states for a greater share in the UN's administration: and this would have the further merit of increasing their involvement in the UN's Congo operation.

The third and most important field for action is the Geneva conference on atomic tests. Here again, the ground has been prepared. The technical data on test control is already vast, and most of the clauses in the treaty have already been agreed. What is required is an act of will, which itself must spring from a deliberate willingness to accept a certain degree of risk. Mr Kennedy has already accepted the fact that no disarmament treaty can be absolutely watertight; indeed his inaugural address was, by implication, severely critical of Eisenhower's disarmament diplomacy. He now has a first-rate opportunity to translate his principles into practice and to cross a decisive psychological frontier by getting a treaty signed and an inspection system working.

This is a modest, but solidly practical programme for the next few months. It will not end the Cold War. But it would create a climate of optimism in the world, make it plain that Mr Kennedy is very much master of US foreign policy and convince Krushchev that it pays to do business with him.

Comments on the Week's News

Portugal

The Opposition Afloat

As we go to press, the *Santa Maria,* under the direction of Captain Galvao and his fellow-revolutionaries, is still at large on the high seas, proceeding to an unknown destination. Even if their venture fails, it is by no means as fantastic as some commentators assume. In Portugal, the Salazar dictatorship is ailing. Salazar himself is now an old man, who distrusts and is in turn distrusted by some of his leading subordinates. Ever since General Humberto Delgado's resolute bid for the Presidency – the first serious Opposition campaign since the dictatorship was set up – there has been a growing awareness in Portugal that Salazar's support is declining. There seems no doubt that, despite the circumstances of the poll, Delgado received a clear majority of the votes, and even the government was forced to admit that he got around a quarter. The Church, anxious to disassociate itself from a discredited regime, is now often critical, and many organisations, such as the Catholic League of Youth (whose leader is believed to be aboard the *Santa Maria*), have passed into the Opposition.

What is perhaps more significant is the growing disaffection in the armed forces. Of these the army is regarded as the most reliable, though, even so, certain regiments are not issued with live ammunition. The navy is suspect: indeed, during the Presidential election, most of its units were sent to sea. The air force, too, is not trusted by Salazar, for General Delgado, himself an air force officer, has many friends and supporters among its senior ranks. This distrust of the navy and air force no doubt helps to explain why units were not immediately sent in pursuit of the *Santa Maria,* and why Salazar had to turn to his obliging allies in Nato to track down the insurgents.

It seems Delgado's plan, which he drew up with Galvao in Caracas last month, was to take over the ship after refuelling in Curaçao and then steam to Angola. This colony has been a source of disquiet to Salazar for some time: both white and African opposition groups are active, and large numbers of troops – some reports say as many as 20,000 – have been shipped there in the past year or so. For both political and financial reasons, Salazar cannot afford to fight a colonial war, and Delgado may well calculate that, if he succeeds in igniting a revolt, Salazar may be forced to retire. Such a step might be dictated either by his younger henchmen, who are not unwilling to come to terms with a 'respectable' opposition, or by the Defence Minister, General Botelho Moniz, who is fully aware of the weakness of Portugal's military position. The way would then be clear for the end of the police repression and the transition to democracy.

In view of this background, the British and American governments would be well advised to act with the greatest circumspection in aiding Salazar. The history of Batista in Cuba illustrates the political risk of helping a dictator whose regime is crumbling. Mr Gaitskell's insistence that the government should adopt a wait-and-see attitude does credit to his head as well as his heart. Portugal's opposition leaders, Delgado above all, are emphatically pro-British and pro-West (Salazar, by contrast, was at one time an admirer of the Nazi and Fascist dictators, and ordered all official flags to be lowered the day Hitler committed suicide). But their attitude could change if the Anglo-Saxon powers try to sustain Salazar and oblige them to seek allies in Cuba – or even in the East.

Westminster

Shot Across the Bows

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* Piracy on the high seas . . . a British frigate in instant and ruthless pursuit . . . Britannia ruling the waves again and bringing lesser breeds back within the law by the scruffs of their dirty necks! The Tory party, with Colonel Walter Bromley Davenport booming like a nine-pounder, leaped joyously back into the 19th century.

How refreshing, to dying embers, was *this* wind of change! Wicked men had seized the *Santa Maria,* the Portuguese liner, had killed one of the officers and were now sailing what, at a pinch, could still be thought of as the Spanish Main, with women, children and several big businessmen as their helpless captives. Portugal – Mr Ian Orr Ewing would have been less than human if at this moment he had refrained from calling her 'our oldest ally' – had asked our help and at once, without reference to the United Nations or, it turned out later, to the level of fuel supplies, Her Majesty's Ship *Rothesay,* based on one of those far-flung outposts of Empire which call for a map in *The Times* whenever they come into the news, had upped anchor and steamed into the blue. It was the finest hour the Tory party has had since Sir Anthony Eden – or was it Mr Selwyn Lloyd? – announced the surrender of Nasser's forces. Well, anyway, it was their finest few minutes.

Soon, however, Mr Reginald Paget got going. He has lately been chosen to speak for the Opposition on naval matters – a curious choice since he was not only in the Navy but had fighting experience in it. He is also, again unusually, a respected lawyer; and, however unpredictable may be his line on other things, you will find him doggedly against tyranny and for the underdog. On Tuesday he proved rather too much for Orr Ewing and for the ebullience of the Tories as a whole.

When Orr Ewing had made his statement, Paget stood up. As usual, one shoulder jutted higher than the other, his head was thrust forward aggressively and an icy smile glazed his face. After a while, his mouth was seen to open and, by and by, his tongue emitted some words, which dropped like old-fashioned cannon balls upon the benches opposite. Would British ships, he asked with heavy sarcasm, be equally at the disposal of the Russian or Hungarian governments if one of their crews made a dash for liberty?

Government supporters were about to give this question the razz when suddenly they did a double-take. Their heads had been so full of Black Bartelemy and of clean-limbed Britons on the Bridge that there had been no room for anything else; but Paget was now reminding them that 'our oldest ally' was a dictatorship as onerous as anything Franco had to offer in neighbouring Spain, that many Portuguese opponents of the regime were in gaol or on the run and that the men who had seized the *Santa Maria* might not be pirates after all but opposition politicians. Even a government Tory is prepared to make some distinction between the two.

While Tory thought processes were thus being stimulated, Paget's machinery was again heard to be in motion and, comparatively shortly, several more words were delivered at the pit-head. If, said Paget, this business did prove to be piracy, did the government realise that we had jurisdiction over whoever we arrested and should not therefore hand them over to Portugal? Then, after only the slightest of pauses – say half a minute – Paget dropped his last one. Did the government, he asked, realise that if this was not piracy but an internal quarrel, our ships had no business to be mixed up in it at all? To this a rather bruised Orr Ewing could only reply that it was a valid point and he would get the law officers to look into it.

A bad let-down! For a few glorious moments, the Tories had thought of law officers as chaps in gold braid enforcing the *Pax Britannica* with twin four-point-sevens; and now Paget was making them realise that law officers might be scrubby little men in wigs who could tell us to mind our own business. Still it was probably good preparation for later revelations that Her Majesty's Ship *Rothesay* had not the speed to catch the *Santa Maria* and had had, anyway, to return to port because she was out of fuel. *Sic transit gloria maris.*

Moscow

Lara and Zhivago

In Pasternak's novel the heroine, Lara, simply disappears one day into a camp, and Dr Zhivago loses touch with her. A similar fate befell Olga Ivinskaya, Pasternak's friend and literary agent on whom the character of Lara was based. That was in one of Stalin's purges. Now she is in prison again, this time convicted of currency offences. Since the Soviet authorities have released no details of

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the trial at which she and her daughter were sentenced, publishing only a long and lurid tirade against them, it is impossible to judge how much substance there is in the accusations. But even if she has been guilty of technical infringements of the law – and there are few Soviet citizens against whom some charge could not be brought if it were politically convenient – both the savagery of the sentence and the intemperate abuse heaped on her by Moscow Radio show that she is in fact being persecuted for her association with Pasternak.

It is a tribute to Pasternak's memory, and to his world reputation, that Moscow radio hypocritically protests that in age and sickness he was bamboozled by Madame Ivinskaya: even now, after his death, it is thought impolitic to attack him directly. But while such a story may have its uses within Russia, it is unlikely to cut much ice among those outside Russia who know that Pasternak was deeply anxious about what would happen to his friend after his death.

What is the point of such persecution? Is it intended to deter other writers who may be tempted to have unorthodox works published abroad, or even to make unofficial contacts with the western literary world? As our Moscow correspondent reports below, cultural officials seem sensitive about artists and writers whose unorthodox work is interpreted by foreigners as a criticism of the regime. Or is it an act of revenge by the neo-Stalinist clique, still powerful in cultural politics, which hated Pasternak because he successfully refused to conform?

Both factors may have led to the decision to make a scapegoat of Olga Ivinskaya. And though Krushchev personally may have had no hand in this – the latest evidence shows that he is still at odds with the sectarian elements in the party leadership, of whom Suslov seems to be the leader – he has to take the responsibility in the end. A Moscow district court would not hand down an eight-year sentence in a case like this without official approval. Krushchev should realise that it is precisely such incidents as this that anger western opinion and make it difficult to establish the more relaxed relations on larger issues that he continually insists that he seeks.

Russian 'Angries'

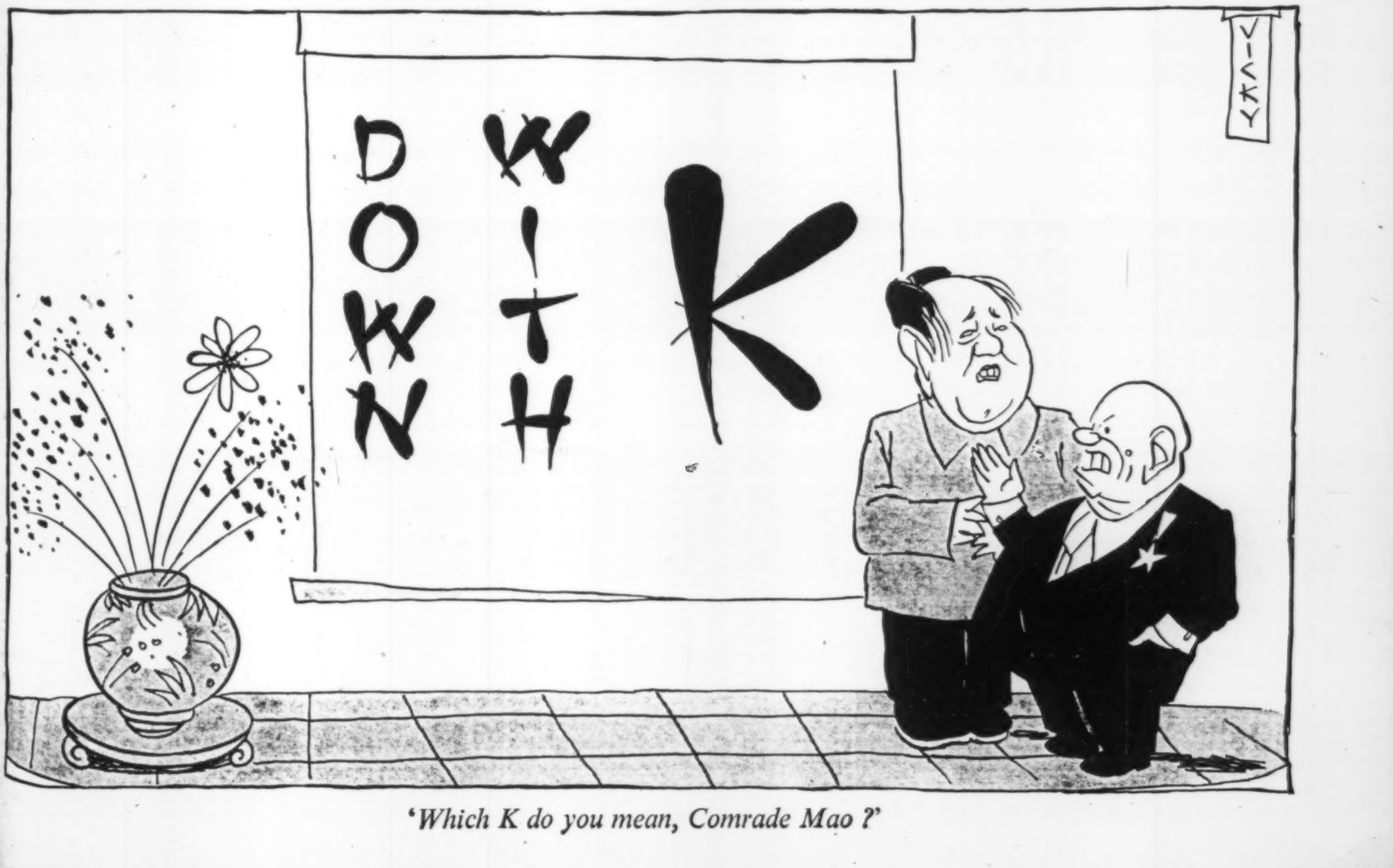
Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The re-opening of the Contemporary Theatre after several months of uncertainty has relieved and encouraged those who have been pinning their hopes on the gradual liberalization of the intellectual climate in Moscow. During the first two years of its existence this company, which has still to find a permanent playhouse, gained a reputation for originality in its choice of plays dealing less inhibitedly with some of the questions under-30s ask themselves. Without pressing the comparison too far, one might say that the group of some 25 actors that Yefremov holds together and the effect it has had on the public are a Russian parallel to London's Royal Court Theatre and its effect. Yefremov has found new dramatists; for him the play itself, unaided by elaborate décor or stars, is what matters.

As director Yefremov is not afraid of the unconventional or of dividing his audiences into vociferous pros and resentful cons, and he has brought back to the theatre many who had deserted it in despair of seeing plays that deal with real life as they know it.

But for all the loyalty and enthusiasm of its supporters, it was they who all but succeeded in bringing the Contemporary Theatre's curtain down for the last time. As has happened so often in recent years, the response of young people to a 'daring' treatment of contemporary life was so eager – and, frequently, so uncritical – that sober, cautious souls in the Ministry of Culture and the Moscow Party's cultural commission concluded that a nest of *frondeurs* was being built under their noses. In fact, like many of the unorthodox painters and sculptors, the Contemporary boys are earnest, dedicated Communists whose driving spirit is impatience with the 'varnishers of the truth'.

The worst they could be accused of is failure to foresee their audiences' reaction to certain plays in their repertoire. Yefremov found it necessary, for example, to make some changes during the run of Schwartz's *The Naked King* in order to leave no doubt in the public's mind that this anti-authoritarian play was written with Nazi Germany in the dramatist's mind. (The play barely escaped the fate of Hilemet's anti-personality-cult comedy *Was There An Ivan Ivanovich?* withdrawn after three performances at the Satirical Theatre.) And so great was the throng of those who tried to get into a preview of another play, dealing among other themes with Stalin's anti-Jewish measures, that the theatre decided to postpone the first night *sine die*. Incorrectly it was rumoured that the play had already been banned and that this was the one and only chance of seeing it.

The problem of the Contemporary Theatre was one of the first which gave Presidium-member Yekaterina Furtseva an opportunity of revealing the attitude of the Ministry of Culture, which she now heads, to the less orthodox sector in the Arts in Russia today. In view of audience reaction, the decision to continue ministerial support of the company (in the form of providing it with premises) could not have been an easy one. Yet Madame Furtseva is as unlike her predecessor in the Ministry of Culture, V. A. Mikhailov, as Krushchev is unlike Stalin. It was she, for instance, who removed the obstacles



'Which K do you mean, Comrade Mao ?'

that had prevented that remarkable pianist Sviatoslav Richter from playing in the West for so many years.

The Contemporary Theatre case is one of three or four on which the Moscow intelligentsia has been sharply divided during recent months. Another concerns the fate of the Kolotoyov picture *The Unposted Letter*, which stars the young actress Tatiane Samoilova of *The Cranes are Flying* fame. Assailed by some as formalistic, pessimistic and inhuman, hailed by others as a brave experiment, this grim, tragic picture of the fate of four Russian geologists in Siberia (based on a true story of the discovery of a valuable diamond pocket) was held up for months after completion while the arguments raged. Finally it was released, the only concession to the 'happy ending' school that Kolotoyov was induced to make was the introduction of an ambiguous flicker of the eyelids of the last victim of Siberia as the film ends.

The case of the artist Zbarsky is another example. Highly praised by Picasso, Zbarsky is best known in Moscow for his book illustrations and stage décors. His election to the Artists' Union was strongly, but unsuccessfully, opposed by the old guard. Soon after, a Ministry of Culture publication printed a letter from a group of print-shop workers protesting against the 'formalism' of the Zbarsky drawings they had been given to print. However, it is this young artist that the influential film director, Yutkevich, has chosen to work with on his next picture. And again the Ministry of Culture has concurred.

Why, therefore, in the light of these more liberal trends has official sanction not been granted to Moscow's unorthodox painters to exhibit? In point of fact, six months ago there were fairly bright prospects that a sort of *Salon des Independants* would be held. 'Let the public judge', was the attitude being expressed in official circles. But then *Life* came out with an article which presented some of these painters and their work in a way that caused many of them considerable embarrassment (but not worse). The exhibition project was shelved. The point is that while the authorities are no longer so determined to present Soviet art monolithically to their own people, any suggestion from abroad that unorthodoxy is the equivalent of a political gesture against the Communist system generally has to be paid for by those elements that are trying to advance in the intellectual sphere.

The Congo

The Belgian Threat

It is now perfectly clear that if the safety of Europeans in the Congo is to be assured, and if the danger of importing the Cold War is to be avoided, the United Nations must immediately insist that the Belgian government obey its commands. In effect, this means that the western powers must bring the Belgians to heel. No one can doubt that the Belgian advisers to Mr Tshombe knew that Mr Lumumba was to be transferred to Elizabethville last week. Yet the surrender of the man who is still legally Prime Minister of the Congo to his arch-enemy in Katanga was bound to result in reprisals against Europeans still in the areas held by the pro-Lumumba forces. The brutal treatment accorded to the prisoner and his companions, one of whom is now reported to have died, was even more certain to provoke anger against White people, who are normally identified as Belgians in Congolese minds.

Since then, the increasing flow of Belgian military personnel into both Leopoldville and Elizabethville has deliberately flouted UN instructions to all its members that troops must only be sent to the UN command. The Belgian government cannot dodge its responsibility. If it wished to honour its obligations as a member of the UN, it could certainly have prevented most of these men from leaving Belgium. The flow of Belgian military aid to Kasavubu, Mobutu and Tshombe will inevitably provoke the Russians, Chinese and East Europeans, and perhaps African states also, to send similar aid to the Lumumba forces. Only the very strongest pressure by the Western powers on Belgium can prevent the Congo from becoming a military as well as a political battlefield in the Cold War.

Women

Back to School

An Educational Correspondent writes: In a week's time Sir David Eccles is to launch his campaign for the return of married women teachers. It has been much heralded and the reactions of the women are already fairly clear. The irony of the situation is not lost on them. Up to the last war schoolmistresses had to resign their jobs on marriage, and some of those now being wooed by the Minister left the profession under this regulation. There is a general feeling that so complete a change of policy calls for the removal of the remaining discriminations against all married schoolmistresses.

The three main ones are concerned with income tax, salary increments and pensions. Joint assessment for income tax can put the combined salaries of man and wife into the surtax class and nullify the woman's earnings. ('I really pay you for having my wife on your staff', a husband said to a headmistress, adding the cost of domestic help to his calculations.) The remedy seems to be to change the way in which surtax is levied: in the lower income group joint assessment is an advantage.

Increments are paid to a returning teacher whose intervening experience has been of special value. Thus every year a woman has worked in such cases counts for one increment. But motherhood only earns one increment every three years. Yet the Minister has told the ex-teacher mothers that their home experience is just what is wanted. The Burnham Committee, summoned by the teachers' panel, could put this right very easily.

Pension arrangements are hard on the part-timer. ('Come back, if only part-time,' says Sir David.) Last year the Treasury allowed half-time (or more) service to count towards the qualifying period for a pension. But although this means that a part-time teacher can make up the necessary years it does not enable her to add a penny to the amount of her pension – calculated on her last years of full-time teaching. It is known that the Ministry have gone so far as to face the administrative difficulties of this reform; and the NUT, hitherto against any recognition of part-time service, began last week to reconsider their 'historic objection'.

Besides national reforms there is need for adjustments at local level. Salary docking for absence in a domestic crisis should yield to the more human elasticity found in independent schools. But these necessary changes should not be looked upon as baits to get more teachers quickly. They are fundamental to a new order. For in the foreseeable future virtually all women teachers (two-thirds of the whole teaching force) will be married and our schools will have to be organised on that basis.

Propaganda

A Question of Aim

A Political Correspondent writes: This week the NEC has decided to instruct members of the Labour Party to have nothing to do with Aims of Industry. The matter arose following an announcement that Mr Woodrow Wyatt and Mr Jim Matthews had agreed to write articles for syndication through its services. Since the Labour Party has been denouncing this body for years as a Tory 'front' organisation, the astonishing thing is that any such instruction should have been necessary. Though claiming to be non-political, AOI has never disguised its aims. Set up in 1942 to fight nationalisation, it has been busy ever since expounding the virtues of 'free enterprise' against the vices of public ownership.

Its first publicity success was the Mr Cube campaign of 1950, directed against Labour's proposal to nationalise sugar. (Its president at the moment is Ian Lyle of Tate and Lyle.) Since then it has performed a similar service for a succession of private industries. Others, like the steel industry, have copied its techniques. But its objects go much wider than this. It denounces not only outright nationalisation, but any form of government interference in industry, state control or acquisition of shares. Among its pet anathemas are bulk buying, municipal trading, purchase tax, surtax, death duties and other items figuring in Labour policy.

Not surprisingly, all its directors are businessmen. (Two of them have held official positions in the Conservative Party.) It is financed by some 4,000 business organisations and trade associations which, in 1959, contributed £125,000 to its funds. In return, Aims of Industry claims to have secured for them every year some 150,000 column inches of free publicity for their interests in the press. In the 12 months before the last election its efforts reached a frenzied peak. No less than £107,000 was poured out in propaganda against nationalisation; half a million pamphlets were issued; and thousands of leaflets turned up in workers' pay packets. The result, remarked AOI's president complacently, showed 'overwhelming confidence from the nation' in free enterprise.

Nothing suits AOI's book better than Labour support. It will go to strange lengths to give the impression that it has this support where none exists. In its brief on surtax it even claims Mrs Eirene White MP and Mr Douglas Houghton MP as recruits to the ranks of 'people who have publicly objected to surtax'. This is done by quoting short extracts from their speeches in the Commons. But in the case of Mr Houghton the wrong Hansard reference is given; none at all is given for Mrs White's remark. The reader thus has no chance of checking the context in which these remarks were made. Such contortions show how important it is for the organisation to prove it has wide backing for its 'non-political' activities. The willingness of Mr Wyatt and Mr Matthews to lend it their names must have seemed a heaven-sent gift to it.

Fleet Street

Retrospect

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* This will be my last look at Fleet Street for a time. For the next five months I shall be in the United States. I shall not be sorry for a break – after years of close scrutiny of the British press week by week I sometimes, I confess, begin to feel a little punch-drunk. It will be interesting to come back refreshed, I hope, in mind and eye to see how it seems after some months away from it; and to see also what sort of a niche in what seemed until recently a shrinking and frozen press structure the new *Sunday Telegraph* has managed to carve out for itself.

Although it has left me a little punch-drunk it would be wrong to suggest that the experience has in any way soured a happy nature. Despite occasional excesses the British press seems to me as a whole to do pretty well by its several publics – much of the criticism directed against it, both from inside and outside, arises out of a confusion of definition. Newspapers catering for a mass public are solemnly attacked by the high-minded for not being what it would be contrary to their nature and purpose to be. And looking back over the years in which this column has been appearing it seems to me that on the big issues the readers of the popular press have not as a general rule come off worse than those of the more serious newspapers. Visitors from abroad tend to be appalled when our mass circulation press first hits them in the eye. 'No doubt,' said an American visitor to me the other day, 'one or two British newspaper are among the best in the world, but your mass circulation press – oh my God I never imagined anything like them could exist anywhere.' This is a superficial judgement. *The Times* is what many people abroad still imagine the typical Englishman to be like. The *Express* and the *Mirror*, however, are what, in the middle of the 20th century, most of us really are. No doubt to those brought up to believe that all Englishmen are reserved and non-committal and given to under-statement this is bound to come as a bit of a shock. But as an exercise in vitality the British press, with all its excesses and even some of its frivolities and absurdities, seems to me despite the tragic contraction in the total number of newspapers to present not too discouraging a reflection of the social scene.

Nor I think can any unprejudiced observer deny that a quite significant improvement in some aspects of the press seems now to be taking place. Although it still crops up, the sour malice which not long ago distinguished so many of the gossip columns is less than it was. So is the amount of pure invention. There has been a substantial reduction in the kind of intrusion into personal lives which reached its malodorous peak a year or so ago. And the trend to quality continues – not only in the continuing rise in circulation of the *Guardian*, the *Telegraph*, to some extent *The Times*, and the still more remarkable increase of the *Sunday Times* and *Observer*, but also in the solid improvement in the *Herald*. No one even a few years ago could I think have imagined the present circulation of the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer*, both of which continue to break records.

How far will the arrival of the *Sunday Telegraph* next week affect this position? The *Telegraph* people themselves still expect, I gather, to draw a good deal of their readers from both the existing quality papers, but so far there is not much evidence that this is likely to happen. First reports from the newsagents indicate indeed that the *Sunday Telegraph* seems more likely to draw readers from the *Sunday Dispatch* and the *Sunday Express*, or at any rate check for a time the forward rush of the latter readers of the *Sunday Times* and *Observer*, who have got used to the rich and varied intellectual fare of 40 pages on Sunday.

No one can pretend that the economic basis of the British press as a whole is yet as healthy as one would wish – or even be sure that there may not before the year is out be one or two more casualties. But it is beginning to look a little better – and particularly so in those areas of serious intelligent journalism which at one time looked like being swamped in the rush for mass circulation.

★ ★ ★

The Roy Thomson-Odhams merger has been the best-kept secret for years, probably because only three people were in on the actual negotiations. The new holding company, with Thomson as Chairman, Sir Christopher Chancellor as Vice-chairman, and equal directors from each side, will provide the biggest conglomeration of newspaper interests since Lord Northcliffe's peak and will be in some ways an even bigger one than he controlled.

I am assured of two things. First, that it is an equal partnership – though I myself should judge, from what I know, that Thomson will prove to be more equal than the others. Secondly, that the operating companies, including the *Daily Herald*, will not be affected.

★ ★ ★

Before I go I think I owe something of an apology to the *Daily Mail*. I was less than fair to it over the Congo famine story. It is perfectly true that during the actual period dealt with in my article its coverage was not as large as the others I mentioned, and the point I was making, that it is continuity that counts in rousing public opinion on a matter of this kind, is still valid. But the *Mail*, which often these days displays admirable responsibility in serious news coverage, had earlier done magnificently in bringing the attention of its readers to the tragedy of famine in the Congo in a series of moving despatches from its special correspondent, Arthur Cook, and I ought to have mentioned that. It has, I am glad to see, continued to do so since and deserves all praise for its efforts. Its attitude, incidentally, compares remarkably with that of the *Express*, which during the whole of this period thought the Congo famine worth only one short news story on an inside page.

Mr Kennedy's America

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The mood of Washington last week was wonderfully exhilarating. For eight years, under the Eisenhower regime, it had been a dreary place, purged of intellectual distinction and dominated by business executives, increasingly aware of their failure in politics. Last week it was celebrating not merely the end of a cultural vacuum (Arthur Miller, as well as Robert Frost, was an honoured guest) but the return to government of a vast store of talent that had been exiled for eight years to the universities.

Whatever else the Kennedy victory may bring, one thing is now certain. In the peaceful competition of East and West, the Russians will no longer be able to reckon on incompetent American leadership. At one fell swoop the new President has replaced the dreariest by the ablest Administration of the century. When a new broom is needed to sweep very clean, there is an advantage in a system of patronage under which every key job is automatically vacated and a new President creates a new Establishment. The effect of the change on young people is already noticeable. 'For years I have scarcely had a single student asking me about a career in Washington', one famous Harvard economist told me, 'but since last November all my ablest young men have been queueing up as they used to in the New Deal.'

To say that the business tycoons are out and the liberals in would, however, be both an over-simplification and an under-estimate of Kennedy's achievement. With his minuscule majority, he could not, even if he wanted, carry out this kind of ideological purge. In order to push through the radical policies on which I hope he has set his mind, he has, for the most part, selected the kind of administrators and public servants who will reach radical conclusions for thoroughly respectable reasons. Moreover, he has done so without making the kind of concessions to the party machine and vested interests that marred FDR'S first Cabinet-making.

Last Friday morning I sat snugly at home at my host's television set, watching Kennedy, coatless in a piercing wind, deliver his Inaugural. It seems to me a tremendous performance – all the more so because the comparison with March 1933, the last occasion on which a Democratic contender replaced a Republican President – kept knocking at the back of my mind. Though he was faced with complete economic collapse, Roosevelt, it seems to me, had a less difficult political task when he launched the Hundred Days and told his countrymen that the one thing they had to fear was fear itself. For the crisis he had to tackle was admitted – even by the politicians and bankers responsible for it – and the electorate, though neither they nor he knew what was in it, had given him a mandate for a New Deal.

The crisis of American foreign and defence policy which Kennedy faces is as grave as the 1933 crisis. But its very existence is denied by the Republicans who caused it and it is rendered painless and almost invisible by the comforts of an affluent society. If Roosevelt's chief enemy was fear, Kennedy's is self-deception. That is why I am sure he was right not to waste a sentence on the problems of the home front and to concentrate attention on the challenge of world politics, to which Eisenhower so tragically failed to respond.

But how is the Eisenhower cult to be ended? 'I am one of those registered Democrats who elected Ike,' said an Iowa farmer the other day. 'And did you vote for him again?' 'Certainly'. 'And would you have voted for him this time if he had been allowed to stand?' 'Of course. But he does make a terrible President.' One must accept the essential truth of this anecdote in order to begin to understand the political problem that faces Kennedy. He has to tackle a crisis whose very existence is still disputed by the non-political masses, as well as by the conservative forces in both parties; and he must set 'New Frontiers' for a people still largely contented with the old ones.

It is only when we see it against this background that we can appreciate the qualities of the Inaugural. It was not merely a declaration of faith; it was also a superbly executed political manœuvre. Kennedy knew that he had to carry with him millions of Americans who would still prefer to see Ike in the White House. He had to face them with the realities of defeat and failure without sounding partisan or breaking their morale. He had to persuade a people with no sense of crisis to respond to a challenge. The speech was, of course, designed as the climax to a crusade begun well before the election campaign. In my view, this crusade has succeeded beyond all expectation. Without disavowing Ike, America is being persuaded to accept the urgent need for leadership and new ideas.

Returning after an absence of five years, I was struck by the change of mood that has been already achieved. Neutralism in Asia and Africa is no longer a dirty word but an official object of American policy. The unthinking reliance on nuclear weapons that Robert Oppenheimer challenged at the cost of his career has been replaced by an open-minded discussion of defence problems of a quality we do not get over here, least of all in the Labour Party. There is still an emotional obstacle blocking an approach to Communist China; but Adlai Stevenson, when up before the Senators for approval as the new UN representative, can bluntly tell them that, whatever America may wish, the United Nations could vote to admit the Peking government next year.

On the home front a similar shift is symbolised by the fact that for the first time the American Medical Association has been forced on the defensive in its campaign against 'socialised medicine'. Kennedy has committed himself to a free health service for old age pensioners, and few deny that this is the first stage on the way to a national health service. What we are witnessing, in fact, is a thaw, with the river of public opinion beginning to move once again. Kennedy's task is to keep it moving and prevent the ice blocks forming a new jam. For this purpose he needs not a liberal programme or a left ideology, but a team ostentatiously pragmatic in its attitude to current problems and also ostentatiously unafraid of radical solutions whenever they are required.

Of course the sceptics in Washington still regard the new President as a wealthy opportunist who, once he had captured the party machine and ousted Adlai, was not interested in anything but power. It is noteworthy, however, that the Harvard liberals, who knew Kennedy as an undergraduate long before they campaigned with him, dismiss this as sheer nonsense. And they are enthusiastically supported by Walter Lippmann, who has staked his reputation as an independent observer on Kennedy's success.

I heard a much more serious doubt about his presidency expressed both by serious opponents and in circles very close to him indeed. Granted his prodigious personal qualities; granted the asset of his age – which not only gives him a unique hold on the younger generation but frees him from responsibility for the errors of the post-war years; granted the quality of the team he has gathered round him and the goodwill it has already earned; granted, in fact, that the Kennedy Administration is better than anyone had the right to expect – the question remains whether it has not come too late.

I was having a drink in the delegates' lounge of the magnificent UN building with one of the best-informed American correspondents when he suddenly burst out: 'But where in the whole world can we find a place for Kennedy to have that success he so badly needs in his first year? Everywhere he has been left a legacy of battles where defeat has been made inevitable by wrong decisions or indecision. As a result, we are hopelessly on the defensive in the United Nations. And, though the presence of Adlai should help our public relations with Asia and Africa, I only wish I could see one place where the initiative can be regained from the Communists.'

I heard such doubts repeated among some of the most eminent exiles from Washington at Princeton and Harvard. The nuclear strategy, they told me, was of course disastrously wrong. But was it not irrevocable? The fatal imbalance of the Affluent Society was freely admitted. But how, it was asked, could controls be introduced in a country dedicated to free enterprise, without a war to justify them? And, anyway, was it not a fact that the shift of world power that had taken place during the Eisenhower epoch was so great as to be irrevocable?

Reflecting on these conversations, I notice that the most lugubrious prophets of doom that I met on this visit were all conservatives. Public complacency, combined with a private defeatism, is now the most striking characteristic of those intellectuals who either swung Right or became 'non-political' in the McCarthyite years. But how much validity is there in the case these pessimists put?

There may be no prospect of any early change in the present anti-western trend of world politics in such black spots as Cuba, the Congo, Algeria and Laos. Outside Europe, the Communists are likely to keep the initiative they have seized. The only field in which an early diplomatic success seems possible is disarmament. And even here there are difficulties, since, in view of the missile gap and the deplorable weakness of America's conventional forces, Mr Kennedy will have to practise rearmament while he is talking disarmament. However, if Mr Krushchev wants it, he can get a nuclear test ban from this new administration, and after that, in the new open-minded mood of Washington, some version of the Rapacki Plan and some limited form of disengagement might be possible.

Of course it is obvious that this does not add up to anything justifying the grandiloquent title of a new Frontier. But Mr Kennedy, if he is to fulfil his ambition and regain the initiative in East-West competition, must be content to work in stages. The first stage, as we have seen, is the thawing out of that mood of domestic affluence and nuclear complacency which paralysed all effective western action during the 50's. This process can only be accomplished by eschewing left ideologies and conforming to that old American canon which says that it is men, not measures, that count in Washington.

But it must be clear to Kennedy and to some at least of his closest advisers that this thaw will be followed by another freeze-up unless the new President, once he has asserted his leadership, has the courage to act decisively. At present his main aim is to unite the nation behind him. But there must come a time when he is ready to insist on drastic remedies, even though they revive party controversy and destroy unity. Roosevelt in 1932 had the good fortune to be able to put through a number of radical changes while Hoover and the whole Republican Party were totally discredited. Ike is not discredited, so Mr Kennedy cannot have his Hundred Days, and his testing time may well be delayed till his second term. Then we must all hope that this young man will be capable of infuriating by his radical policies many of those who are now being charmed by his masterly moderation.

NEXT WEEK

Love in Literature

by V. S. PRITCHETT

Sex and The Establishment

by GEOFFREY GORER

London Diary

CHARON

According to Vladimir Dedijer, the Yugoslav historian and former member of the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party, to whom I have been talking, Milovan Djilas's release is an example of Tito practising some of the tolerance and liberty which he has been preaching to the Soviet and Chinese party leaders. Dedijer, who had his own troubles when he stood up for Djilas, is Tito's biographer and an ex-partisan leader. He is now at Manchester University where he is writing a book about the partisans, and the Yugoslav government has granted him and his family permission to stay abroad for another year. He told me the Yugoslav press had been noticeably more critical of bureaucratic excesses lately. He thought Tito was making a new bid for popular support. I asked him what he, as a student of Moscow form, thought of the latest posthumous development in the Pasternak affair. He was strongly inclined to interpret it as the surviving clique of Stalinist toadies and deadheads in the Writers' Union trying to strike a blow for unfreedom and finding support from the anti-Krushchev groups higher up. You remember that when *Dr Zhivago* was published it was thought that Krushchev had to some extent protected Pasternak from envious Stalinist hacks who wanted revenge on the one great Soviet writer who refused to toe their line. Krushchev's protégé Sholokhov was a friend of Pasternak whose talent he – being himself a real writer, not a stuffed cucumber – naturally admired.

★ ★ ★

As I follow the cruise of the *Santa Maria*, after her sudden metamorphosis into a new species of Portuguese Man o' War, I keep wishing I were a fly on the wall in either the English club in Oporto or the Circulo Eca de Queiroz in Lisbon. Portugal is rather like Ireland in engendering a timeless attitude towards history, so that present and past become fused in the mind. The English port-shippers will probably be reminding each other of 'Black Charley'. This was Captain Napier, the eccentric British naval officer who took the name of Carlos de Ponza in 1833 or thereabouts and performed several dashing picaresque sea exploits in the service of Queen Maria against her uncle Dom Miguel. At the Circulo Eca de Queiroz, which is the Lisbon writers' club, named after the great

Portuguese 19th-century novelist who combined the roles of the Lusitanian Flaubert and Chekov, the conversation will be significantly tense and muted. Round the walls of the dining room, where you get the best *baculau* (dried cod, which Auden once said tasted like the soles of his feet) in Portugal, are delicately worked little silk puppets in glass cases enacting tableaux from the master's novels. De Queiroz, who had a strong sense of fantasy and was for a time consul in Newcastle, would have been fascinated by the *Santa Maria* affair, which is so contrary to the accepted Portuguese traditional of *saudades* or wistful melancholy.

★ ★ ★

The avian profile of Lord Alanbrooke, or his *doppelgänger*, glimpsed in the dun evening crowd at Waterloo Station the other evening, reminded me of London's new town that never will be – at Hook. Lord A was the prime mover in bringing to bear the top-level pressure that caused the LCC to throw in its hand. You can't altogether blame anyone for wanting to prevent a new town of 100,000 being built on his country doorstep. Let him that is without sin lay the first foundation stone. Even so it's a sad story. I'm not surprised the planners and architects who worked for a year on the Hook project are broken-hearted. They'd put into it all the accumulated experience from the other new towns in this country, and abroad.

Officially London's Hook is dead, though it looks as if Newcastle, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool may get their new towns. Some say the LCC has sold its birthright for a mess of cottages on the outskirts of Basingstoke, whose century-old-plus sewage system will be strained to cope with 40,000 more citizens. But the full report on the Hook plan, which should be published shortly, will show us just what the LCC could have done. Certainly it would not have repeated the mistake it made over the Piccadilly Circus plan – of not becoming itself the entrepreneur. The profits from a successful Hook project would have been vast.

★ ★ ★

By a cheerful coincidence, the typical *Mad*-reader's grinning urchin image bears a distinct resemblance to Mr Kennedy. The latest issue features a thumbs-down for Nixon. *Mad Magazine*, whose sales are increasing over here, is an example of the antidote growing near the poison: on the newsagent stands among the horror-comics and the regressive pappy-sexy teenage mags with scores of crooner-pix. It's a blend of wholesome anarchistic pop-satire and surrealism on rather the same lines as the short-lived *Ballyhoo* of the early thirties. One of *Mad's* targets is the Madison Avenue advertising agency. It's full of take-offs of ads – a sweet called *Baby Rot* and a cigarette, *Hack* – especially telly ads. Some of them are a bit laboured but they have that gusto, like a chimpanzee blowing a raspberry, which expresses the reaction of the young when they know they're being made monkeys of. The satire can be quite sharp. A parody of an elaborate gangster picture had a monster producer, Ira Schlock, announcing: 'I've learned that the best way to give respectability to a cheap gangster movie is to have a well-known national figure introduce it'. The most recent issue on sale over here, though not as ingeniously drawn as some, includes nice strip features on violence in TV spreading to weather forecasts and give-away shows; and one on doctor's advertising – if doctors advertised.

The Council of Industrial Design really does seem a rather sensible choice of stamping or stimulating ground for Tony Armstrong-Jones. Taste and the ability to commercialise it shrewdly runs strong in his mother's family, the Messels. He should be able to use his camera with uninhibited candour – on the inanimate objects, anyway. One rather curious coincidence: London topographers assure me that the Council's offices in the Haymarket must be exactly on the site of the old fire station which was patronised by Edward VII when, as Prince of Wales, he liked sometimes of an evening to ride incognito to a rousing conflagration. The royal helmet and hatchet were kept on a special peg. Eheu!

★ ★ ★

Did Queen Marie of Rumania inspire Elinor Glyn with the heroine of *Three Weeks*? None of the comments I have read on the paper-back reissue of the famous Edwardian erotic best-seller has touched on this problem, though it was certainly hinted at in London drawing-rooms in 1907, according to surviving gossips of the period. The Glyn was inclined by nature to identify herself quite effortlessly with Queens and she gave the mysterious passionate Slav incognita a drunken husband to match her own; but Queen Marie was in some respects an obvious model.

I don't suppose that she minded at all. She was certainly one of the friendliest and most sympathetic queens of this century. She was also quite certainly the only Queen, Balkan or otherwise, to have had a love-affair with a Labour Minister. This was the dashing military intellectual who was made Lord Thomson of Cardington. He was a friend of Ramsay Macdonald who made him Secretary of State for Air in the Second Labour Cabinet in 1929. He was killed in the R 101 disaster. Thomson, a gunner officer, was war office representative at the Balkan Wars of 1912-13. When the first World War broke out he was sent to Bucharest as military attache and chief of a special military commission. His final report was made in a hurry when communications had become difficult, in the form of a letter. Informally but quite correctly he described the situation as catastrophic. Militarily speaking Rumania was going to hell in a handcart. As an effective ally she existed no longer. Then as if to give London just one cheering piece of news he added in his own handwriting a four-word postscript, ungallant perhaps but concisely informative concerning his relations with the Queen.

★ ★ ★

I can't leave the subject of Elinor Glyn without a speculation or two about what would have happened if her old admirer, Curzon, had married her instead of giving her the chuck, for the rich American Mrs Duggan. How much history would have been rewritten on the tiger skin at the Foreign Office? Harold Nicolson's *Some People* would have another chapter. I wish we could have some warm romantic Glyn-type influence at the Foreign Office today. That frosty crusty tetchy essence which Lord Home insists on distilling is one of the more depressing emanations from our new Scotian master race.

★ ★ ★

Right now is the critical moment for anyone who gave up smoking as a New Year resolution. By the end of the fourth week the worst pangs are over. Soon a curious euphoria sets in, a kind of anti-nicotine joy. It is as if the enforced act of oral privation had somehow turned into its opposite. The denial evokes the same pleasure as the original indulgence. The smoker, that symbolic polymorph-pervert, suddenly becomes an all-round ascetic. After the third week the next danger point is when you start getting ideas about smoking one now and then. Resist these at all costs. One cigarette is fatal. Having become denicotinised, you won't enjoy it and will probably throw it away unfinished; later, in my own case it was 24 later to the minute, the craving will return. You will break down, cadge a cigarette or buy a packet and smoke your way painfully back to enslavement, although you will never get as much pleasure the second time round. Precautions worth recommending? Oral substitutes such as sweets or chewing coffee beans generally hopeless; too near home. Toothpicking, an excellent habit anyway, can sometimes help.

Invaluable is a rune against smoking. The best I know was given me by a wise woman long before the lung cancer scare: *The smoker is death's fool.* To entertain the deprived fingers I strongly recommend a short string of beads like a Moslem rosary. I still carry one in my pocket for emergencies; it has tided me over several twitchy periods of returned craving.

★ ★ ★

The Queen's tiger shoot must have been not at all unlike an episode from one of Compton Mackenzie's farcical novels. Everybody seemed to be putting everything they've got into their role, both in India and in London. You can hear the horse whips cracking in the correspondence columns of the *Daily Telegraph* as loyal die-hards denounce the League of Cruel Sports for their 'impertinence' in daring to criticise. I like this explanation for the delayed start to the final Shikar: the beaters couldn't find the Queen and the make-up man hadn't finished with the tiger.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Derbyshire mining village of Pilsley is divided on whether the local gravedigger should wear socks at funerals. The gravedigger is Mr George Gilding, aged 61, who says he has not worn socks since he left the Army in 1918. Villagers have complained after noticing his bare feet at funerals. – *The Guardian*. (E. Hoyle.)

People on a council caravan site at Bricket Wood, Herts, have been told by St Albans Rural Council that they cannot keep cats or dogs, but a budgerigar, a parrot or even an ostrich would be allowed. This was stated last night by the National Canine Defence League, who were arranging for a 6ft ostrich to be delivered at the site. – *Daily Telegraph*. (C. D. Cassie.)

Some of the reprieved foxhounds of the Burton Hunt, Lincoln, which were taken in by the National Canine Defence League after they were condemned for sheep worrying, may be out with a hunt again soon. The hounds underwent treatment to rid them of their killing instincts. – *The Guardian*. (Miss K. Leavis.)

A man was caught trying to smuggle a periodical out of Norwich Library, the libraries' committee were told yesterday. The periodical was the *Methodist Recorder*. – *The Times*. (Trevor Beeson.)

In the Eye of the Storm

JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS

Professor Burns of Williams College, Massachusetts, is the author of 'The Lion and the Fox', a study of Franklin Roosevelt, and a recent political biography of John Kennedy, whom he has known for more than a decade. In this article he assesses the new President.

I first met John Kennedy about ten years ago in western Massachusetts, at the time he was beginning his long campaign for the Senate seat then held by Henry Cabot Lodge. He struck me as an attractive and intelligent person, who was not much different from most up-and-coming young American politicians. But one thing was strikingly different. He was just back from a trip to Asia, and he was taking a strong stand against colonialism – especially the actions of the French in Indo-China.

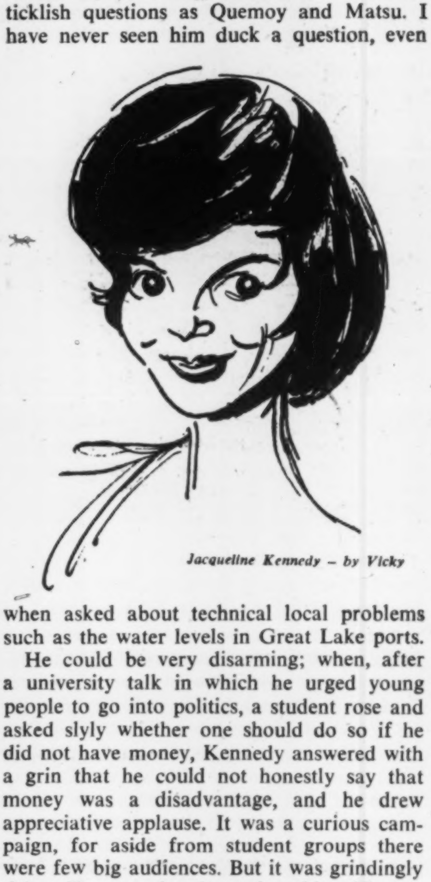
I saw him occasionally as the years went by: in a hotel bathtub soaking his wartime back injury; at a rally of Italo-Americans in a mill town; in his Senate office; and – improbably – at a home for the deaf-and-dumb. Looking back, I cannot say that he grew in presence and power during these years; he certainly did not take on the deliberate speech and weighty mannerisms of young men in their 30's who are headed for university deanships or corporation vice-presidencies. Despite brilliant political victories, a Pulitzer-prize winning biography, and nationwide picture magazine coverage of his (and his wife Jacqueline's) profile, he remained the same – friendly, engaging and natural.

In 1958 I ran for the House of Representatives at the same time that Kennedy was campaigning for re-election to the Senate. I watched him develop the political style that was to mark his later campaign for the Presidency. He was intense without emotionalism; he took precise stands on issues without being doctrinaire; and he was at his best in the question periods that he almost always permitted at the close of his talks. Even at that time women and teen-agers fluttered around him; men were more resistant until they ignored his physical charm and listened to what he had to say.

From the start he was unpredictably cautious and courageous by turns. He fought old-time Boston bosses such as James Michael Curley but took care to strengthen his political base by doing endless favours. He evaded the central challenge of McCarthyism, but on many specifice issues, such as the appointment of men McCarthy hated, he voted against the Wisconsin Senator. Two years ago I had my own experience with his willingness to take some political risk. I proposed to write a biography of him, but only on condition that I should have access to his papers, without any restriction. It is not surprising that he consented; a biography has become a standard part of a major American politician's campaign for President. What is surprising is that he attached no conditions – not even the requirement that he see the manuscript before publication. (I later showed it to him on my own initiative and for my own reasons.) It is a rare politician who allows an independent biographer to forage through his papers; even if he has committed no indiscretions, his aides often have. This may be, of course, less a tribute to Kennedy's courage than to his remarkable detachment about himself.

He did not, I fear, wholly like the book that resulted. But the biography did prove, I think, that Kennedy must be taken seriously as a national, and indeed world, politician. This was a hard thing for most Americans to do two years ago – especially hard for political leaders a generation older than Kennedy. I remember an eminent Senator's exquisite gesture of dismissal when I mentioned Kennedy's presidential ambitions. It was not only Kennedy's youth that made his aspirations seem feckless. It was the fact that he did not *act* like a President-to-be. Even in the upper house he had none of the Senatorial manner, none of the rhetoric or ponderousness.

Nearly two years ago I spent two days campaigning with Kennedy in the midwest. We hopped from town to town in small planes, as Kennedy spoke to every audience he could find, with the inevitable question periods. These were becoming more risky now, for people were asking him about his Catholicism, his father, his money, and his views on such ticklish questions as Quemoy and Matsu. I have never seen him duck a question, even when asked about technical local problems such as the water levels in Great Lake ports.



Jacqueline Kennedy – by Vicky

He could be very disarming; when, after a university talk in which he urged young people to go into politics, a student rose and asked slyly whether one should do so if he did not have money, Kennedy answered with a grin that he could not honestly say that money was a disadvantage, and he drew appreciative applause. It was a curious campaign, for aside from student groups there were few big audiences. But it was grindingly tiring. He was already setting this stiff pace before his formal bid for the nomination.

During the weeks after the election Kennedy moved fitfully back and forth between his Georgetown home, a mile or two from the White House, and his father's place in Florida. I saw him first in Georgetown, about three weeks after the election. Outside the street was full of excitement. A gaping crowd lined the sidewalk across from the narrow, four-storey house, much like the tourists who collect in front of 10 Downing Street. When I arrived Kennedy was announcing his first Cabinet appointment, that of Abe Ribicoff, from the front steps of his house. A knot of reporters, their fingers numb with the cold, were trying to capture the President-elect's staccato sentences. Television and movie cameras whirred; police moved traffic quickly past the door. From the crowd a woman's voice came strong: 'Jack, what about Adlai Stevenson for Secretary of State?' Kennedy half-smiled, without pausing a moment in his talk. He and Ribicoff turned to go in, the reporters darted off, and a secret service man led me inside.

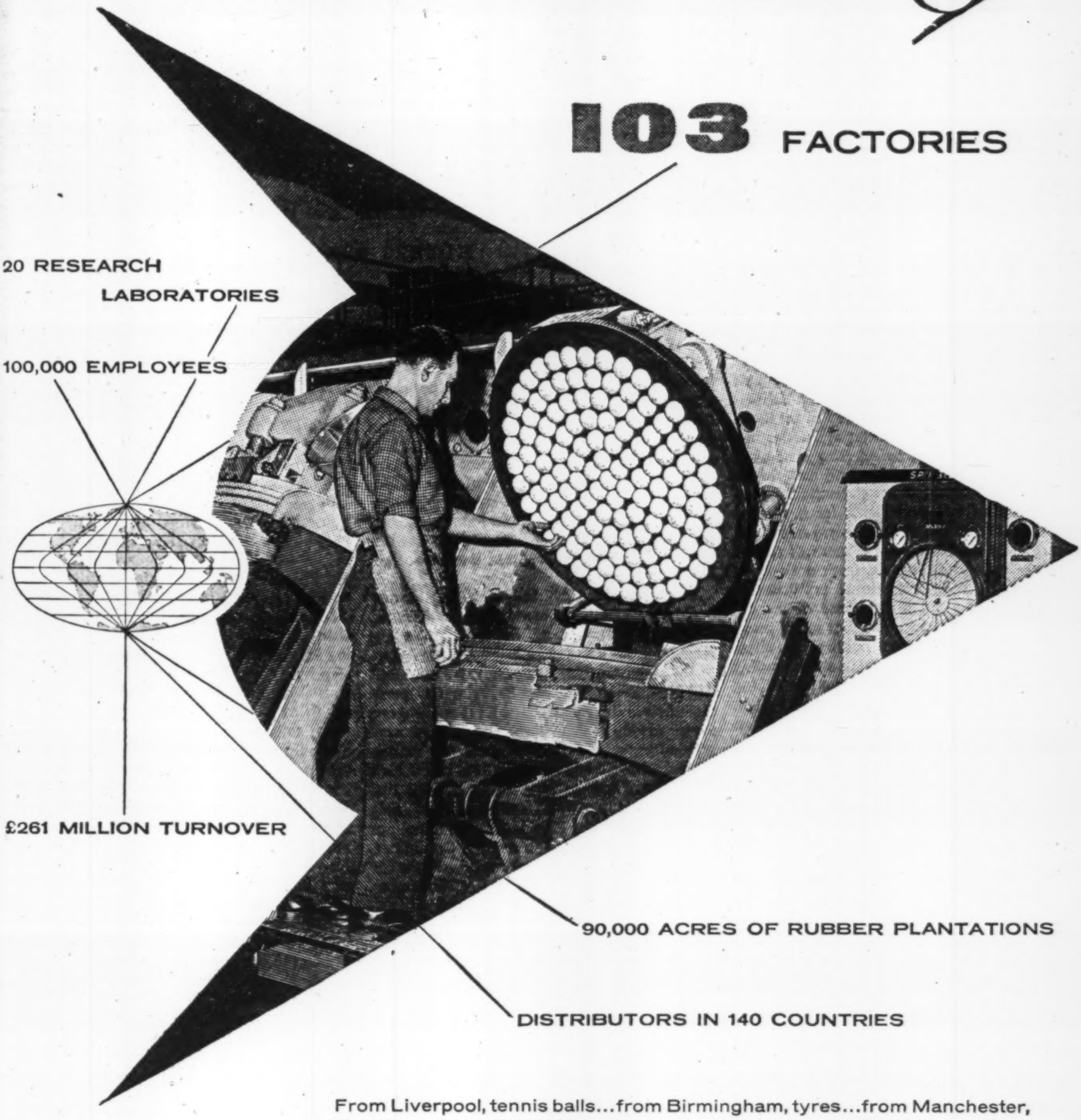
Inside the tension vanished. Kennedy sat sprawled in a chair; occasionally he hunched forward to scan a newspaper lying before him on the floor. All at the same time he was trying to get a Senator on the telephone, discussing a problem with his press secretary, hunting for something in the paper, and talking with Ribicoff, but still he gave the impression of utter calm. Apart from the phone, it was an 18th-century setting: the ivory-walled room with its prints and stuffed chairs and French décor; the tall windows with the small garden beyond; antique tables uncluttered by paper.

Kennedy was going about the business of Cabinet-making in the manner, I suppose, of a prime minister in some more tranquil time. He was carefully measuring and cutting and trying for fit. He would not be hurried. In offices throughout Washington his aides were feverishly pressing for key positions in the administration; in state capitols across the nation local Democratic potentates were laying their lines into the new administration; in foreign capitals premiers were hinting that they would cherish an early exchange of views. But Kennedy would not be hurried.

This impression that Kennedy gives – of calmness and even detachment in the very centre of affairs – was reinforced the last time I saw him, just before Christmas. His Cabinet almost complete, he was meeting with Lyndon Johnson and other legislative leaders at his father's rambling villa fronting the ocean in Palm Beach. Outside state police guarded the entrance; on the ocean side yachts hung off the shore with passengers hoping for a glimpse of men at their great affairs; reporters and photographers sat around under palm trees in the patio; and the country waited for announcements on legislation. But by the swimming pool, where Kennedy worked, there was still not a document in sight, nor a single member of Kennedy's staff. The President-elect strolled around the grounds with Johnson and a visiting newspaper publisher and his family; he stood with them watching the people in the boats and finally he raised his arm in the quick, diffident salute that has become familiar to millions of voters. He escorted the visitors to the door; then, leaving Johnson reclining on a deck chair by the pool, Kennedy took me over to a bright corner, stripped down to the waist – he is a sun lover – and talked with me in a leisurely manner about the job he would assume in a month's time.

His immediate goal, he said, was to consolidate his position after his narrow victory. He felt that his Cabinet choices would help him do this. The Democratic party platform would be a guide, but the timing and emphasis and specifics would be all his own. Yes, he believed in being as accessible as possible to men with fresh ideas. What was the good of ideas if they were not used? I asked him what he read; he ran through a string of newspapers and magazines, including an American liberal journal and an English weekly. He volunteered that he probably got more out of books, and less out of conversation, than Roosevelt did. By coincidence the morning newspapers were brought in a few

BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL


103 FACTORIES
20 RESEARCH LABORATORIES
100,000 EMPLOYEES
£261 MILLION TURNOVER
90,000 ACRES OF RUBBER PLANTATIONS
DISTRIBUTORS IN 140 COUNTRIES

From Liverpool, tennis balls...from Birmingham, tyres...from Manchester, liferafts...from South Wales......from more than 40 Dunlop plants in Britain come a vast range of consumer and industrial goods. And in a dozen overseas countries the Company's new symbol identifies equally diversified and continually expanding manufacturing activities.

Only last year new factories in France, India and Rhodesia went into production, and plans were advanced for a second tyre factory in Japan. These resources and developments behind the Dunlop symbol are reflected in the progress of motoring, aviation, mining and countless other industries—and in the greater comfort and convenience we all enjoy in our daily lives.

DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

CH/PR6/34

moments later; Kennedy seized one, turned directly to a Republican columnist, and seemed to be both exasperated and surprised that the columnist should criticise his Cabinet – which Kennedy considered a broad-based and talented one – as 'wholly political'.

I was struck once again by Kennedy's engaging qualities. It is not charm, but an almost perfect simplicity and naturalness. It is also an interest in ideas. He catches the point instantly; and he does intellectuals the supreme tribute of knowing what they have written and even reading it. (He astonished Norman Mailer last summer at the Democratic convention by telling him that he had read *The Deer Park*.) Yet, as the saying goes, he seems engaging rather than engaged. It is hard to see into those flat, impenetrable eyes. In this way he is like Roosevelt; it was always hard to find FDR's core. But Roosevelt's deceptions and camouflages were carefully contrived; he loved to surprise and outwit people, to stage a ceremony, to pull off little plots. Kennedy's protective covering seems to be part of him, a natural expression of his political personality, rather than something he has drawn over himself.

The new President not only accepts new ideas; he welcomes them and he has deliberately contrived his administration to get them. By picking assistant secretaries before the secretaries themselves, by selecting staff aides who are at odds doctrinally with department chiefs, he has insured his accessibility to a wide range of men and views. He has asked men working on the same problem *not* to get together; he does not want a 'mesh of things' if the price is crowding out fresh notions. In this sense he is a professional politician as Roosevelt was – not in the sense of the old party boss of a city machine, but in his grasp of the relations of ideas to politics, as well as in his timing, his adroit saving and spending of his political influence, his understanding of when to strike the telling blow and when to hold back. I think that he has the sharpest and quickest mind of any President of this century, save Franklin Roosevelt. Like Roosevelt he knows that in America politics is the most curvilinear of the sciences, and that an effective President must often take a rather roundabout route to his goals.

Kennedy is a hard bargainer, a tough negotiator. Few will take advantage of him. He is detached enough to appraise his own strength as realistically as he measures that of an adversary. In a job that calls imperatively for Machiavelli's classic combination of the lion and the fox, Kennedy will demonstrate the dexterity and wiliness that enable the weaker animal to survive. He is directly in the pragmatic tradition of most successful American Presidents. Progress in the new administration may come not in the form of a few dramatic hammer blows but in a continuous series of short movements along a wide front.

But will this be enough? Most of the time, yes. As Harry Truman used to point out, the big job of the President is to exert pressure all down the line, to conciliate, to negotiate, to persuade. Despite his immense power, in his day-to-day job the President is mainly a fulcrum of action, a focus for the give-and-take of politicians and administrators.

Yet there comes a time in every administration when a President must extricate himself from the tangle of little interests and petty tactics to strike a great and telling blow. With Lincoln it was the Emancipation Proclamation; with Wilson, the Fourteen Points; with Roosevelt, the destroyer deal in 1940; with Truman, the Marshall Plan. The action may be taken against many counsels, especially in Congress, and on a darkling plain of confusion and ignorance; and it may involve great risks. The President's earlier opportunism itself might inhibit action, for he may have surrounded himself with the prudent rather than with the audacious, and his open administrative arrangements may have drawn him into a host of small enterprises.

A year ago many who knew Kennedy were unsure of his capacity to rise above the opportune and the practical. The election campaign removed many of these doubts. His frank handling of the religious issue, his direct attacks on a generally popular President, his public support for Mrs Martin Luther King on a civil rights issue, his persistence in trying to arouse a complacent people to the tasks ahead – all these showed the steel behind the artless appearance. Kennedy's two books – one about 'practical' men who ultimately could not cope with the Nazi threat, the other about American politicians who risked their careers over some crucial principle – suggest his belief that in the long run the laurels go less to the prudent than to the brave. No one can yet say whether he will ride the storm or let it toss him about. I am certain only that he will be at the centre of it.

Liberals and Lawmakers

ROBERT BENDINER

President-elect Kennedy has given the country no reason to think he has weakened on his campaign pledge to move it ahead in the 1960s, but his initial push seems to call for a muted flourish of trumpets rather than the brave fanfare that launched Roosevelt's famous Hundred Days. Sizing up the new Congress, Mr Kennedy evidently feels that he has a choice of starting off with a rush and a pratfall or launching a modest programme with dignity and a fair chance of success. For the fact is that, unlike Roosevelt, he is confronted by a nation that looks to him wistfully for leadership but not desperately for salvation, and he has a Congress that is not yet his to command.

As far as the party line-up goes, the new Senate is virtually the same as its predecessor, but in the House of Representatives the Republicans show a net gain of 22 seats. More to the point, all indications are that this shift will have ideological as well as merely partisan effects. Repeatedly in the 86th Congress those members who have now been supplanted represented more than the margin needed to pass welfare legislation, call it New Deal, Fair Deal, or New Frontier. Bills that passed the House by a handful of votes, only to be vetoed by President Eisenhower or pigeon-holed by the House Rules Committee, had the support of practically all the 29 Democrats who were beaten last November. On the face of things, therefore, Kennedy will have all he can do, as a starter, to get these domestic measures put through again, and this in fact appears to be his first order of business.

Should the new President succeed in attaining his immediate purpose, he will have a tidy accomplishment to his credit, but a glance at the programme will show at once that it is light shooting compared with the dazzling artillery barrage of 1933. Mr Kennedy hopes first to pry loose from the 87th Congress a bill to fulfill a promise he made in the West Virginia primary – that within 60 days he would take action to deal with chronic unemployment in the ghost towns of that state. The legislation he wants would not be confined to West Virginia, of course, but would bring hope to those several areas of the country that have been missing the affluence of the affluent society because of the decline or flight of particular industries, notably coal in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Illinois, textiles in New England, timber and iron-ore in the region of the Great Lakes. Federal loans and grants would be offered to attract new industries and to restrain the unemployed; the amount of surplus foods now being sent in by the federal government would be doubled, and public works would be started to spark the local economy.

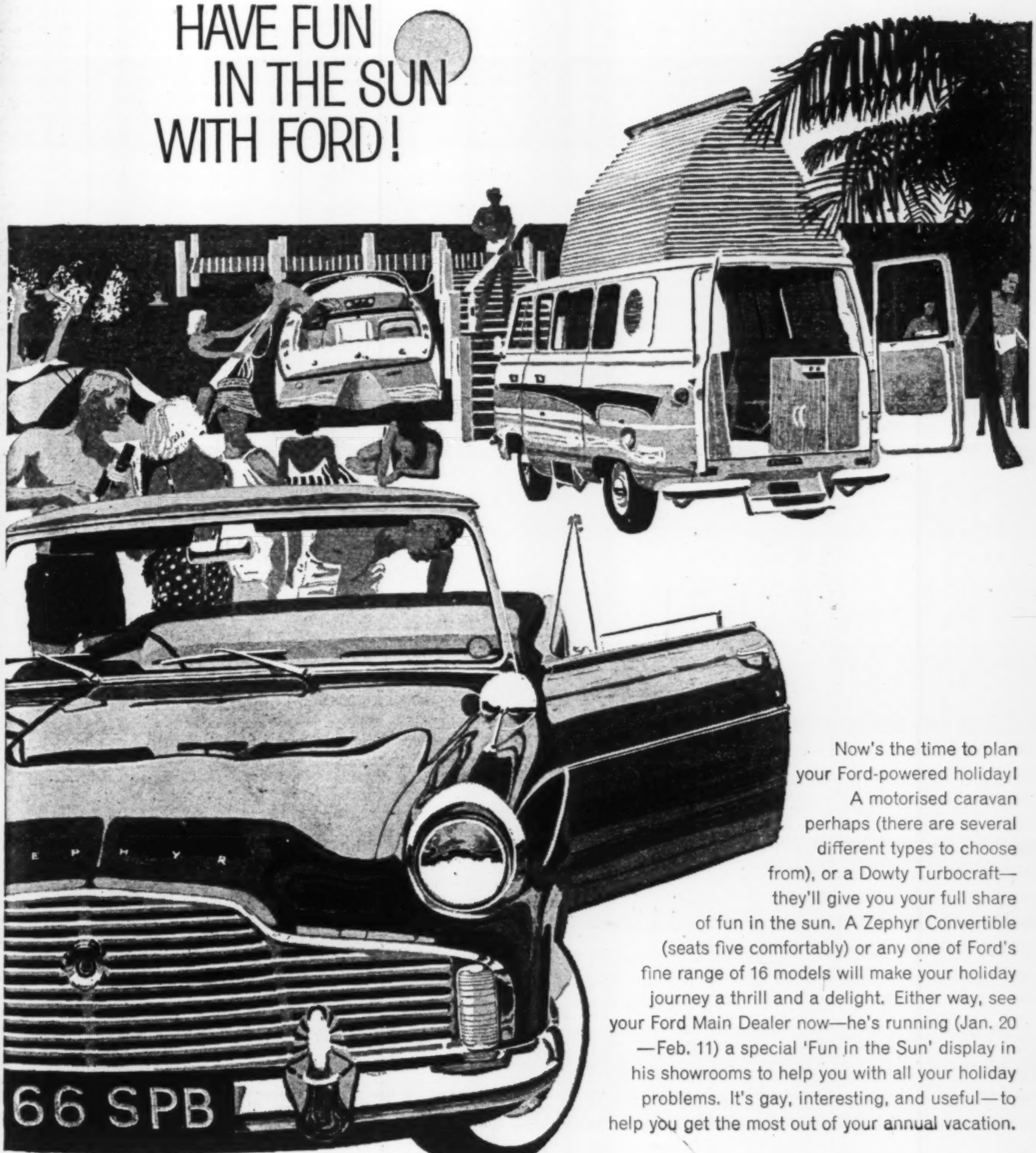
The second point in the Kennedy programme calls for boosting the minimum wage from a dollar an hour to $1.25 and extending this protection to some four million additional workers. Kennedy led a successful fight for the bill in the Senate last year, but the Rules Committee quietly did it to death in the House. A third item is an expanded federal housing effort, featuring urban renewal and easy mortgage money. The rest of the immediate agenda calls for the inclusion of medical aid to the aged in the social security system, and for spending close on two billion dollars on the nation's schools. The states would have the right to use such funds not only for building schools but for raising teachers' salaries, a step viewed by professional alarmists as a sinister federal encroachment on the free minds of the nation's youth.

An unimpeachable programme, no doubt, but hardly one to quicken the pulse of crusaders on the one hand or, on the other, to stir up the fears of those whose sleep is still troubled by nightmare dreams of FDR. Even so, unless Kennedy takes a strong lead at the outset, his five points will be blunted and his New Frontiers left for settlement by pioneers of a later day. For the truth is that his captains in Congress show little ardour even for such limited exploration.

On the House side Speaker Sam Rayburn has had to be pressed and cajoled into making his first faint efforts to curb the totally usurped powers of the Rules Committee. This stronghold of diehard Confederates and conservative Republicans has for more than twenty years not only vetoed liberal legislation in the House but indirectly influenced the Senate. In a highly unusual attack on an institution of the other chamber, Senator Clark of Pennsylvania was moved to a bitter remark last year. 'We in the Senate have legislated throughout the present session in the shadow . . . of the House Rules Committee. We are continually being told by our leadership, by our committee chairmen, and by our Senate conferees that we should neither pass nor insist on the liberal legislation we believe necessary to the country's well-being because the House Rules Committee will not permit the bill to go to conference'.

Yet Mr Sam, as he is fondly known to those who know him fondly, made a point of complimenting Kennedy on the 'wise position' he had taken in leaving the problem of the Rules Committee entirely to the House. Rayburn

HAVE FUN
IN THE SUN
WITH FORD!



Now's the time to plan your Ford-powered holiday! A motorised caravan perhaps (there are several different types to choose from), or a Dowty Turbocraft—they'll give you your full share of fun in the sun. A Zephyr Convertible (seats five comfortably) or any one of Ford's fine range of 16 models will make your holiday journey a thrill and a delight. Either way, see your Ford Main Dealer now—he's running (Jan. 20—Feb. 11) a special 'Fun in the Sun' display in his showrooms to help you with all your holiday problems. It's gay, interesting, and useful—to help you get the most out of your annual vacation.

MAKE IT A FORD POWERED HOLIDAY!

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS
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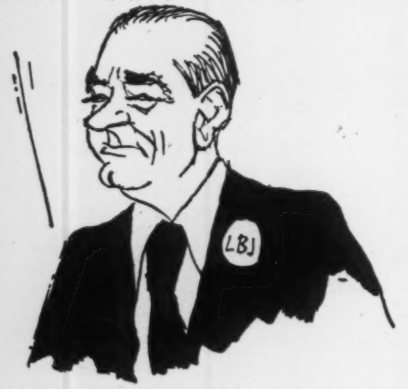
Essential reading for ALL Ford owners—FORD TIMES. From your newsagent. One shilling.

himself had never before allowed himself to be persuaded that the Committee needed curbing at all, and he now proposed to check it not by stripping it of its assumed right to operate the entire Congress, but merely by adding a few tractable members, a triumph of principle strongly diluted by expediency. The Speaker first toyed with the thought of solving the problem by removing a Southerner who had openly opposed his party's national ticket throughout the election campaign, but the prospect of even this mild bit of party discipline provoked resentment and anguish. For the tradition is fixed that once a Congressman has the committee spot he wants, he can be removed only by death or defeat at the polls. Conceivably an expressed addiction to opium or Communism might also turn the trick, but otherwise seniority is his rod and his staff.

About the substance of the Kennedy programme, Rayburn is similarly unexcited. He thinks the minimum wage will be increased, but not as much as Kennedy wishes, and he predicts there will be a bill to help the schools but not to cover teachers' salaries. And as for closing tax loopholes, which Kennedy also promised, the Speaker has been quick to reassure oil men of his native heath that they do not have 'any cause to fear that their 27.5 per cent depletion allowance is going to be disturbed.'

In the Senate the prospects for militancy are no brighter. Faced with the biennial opportunity to put an end to the filibuster, Mike Mansfield, the new majority leader, capitulated with remarkable haste to the pressures of the coalition, on the worn theory that getting on with an immediate legislative programme is more important than tying up the Senate in a row that might give its majority a chance to put through much better legislation in the future. Mansfield himself usually votes liberal on social issues, but he has schooled himself in the compromising tradition of Lyndon Johnson – he supported the Texan for President and for eight years regarded Adlai Stevenson as no more than the 'titular leader' of the party. Formerly a professor of Far Eastern history at the University of Montana, he is a strong supporter of the United Nations and was one of a handful of Senators who voted a few years ago to limit American commitments off the Chinese mainland to Formosa itself and the Pescadores. But his timidity in the filibuster fight has already roused political groups like Americans for Democratic Action to talk of 'betrayal', and Senator Javits of New York to warn that because of it 'there will be a rockier road ahead' not only for civil rights but for Kennedy's entire programme.



While the ADA and other organizations have been raking the Congressional leaders fore and aft, the belief persists that once the Kennedy Administration is launched, it will quickly get up a full head of steam. True, it will have to work through a Democratic leadership on Capitol Hill that has fairly been called 'as pretty a blend of moderate, liberal, and conservative opinion as one could find.' But it is the President, in the end, who creates the political climate of Washington. His are the powers of publicity, persuasion, and not least, patronage, wherewith Congressmen who do not see the light can at least be made to feel the heat. When Mr Kennedy's emphasis shifts from mild domestic reform to the weightier problems of Latin American unrest, Asian and African nationalism, the Western Alliance, international nuclear controls, the future of Berlin, and, in short, all the feverish crises of the world, the country will take its cue from him. If he displays the bold imagination his supporters attribute to him, the Congress will, at least for the time, probably cause him no loss of sleep.

The Huckster's Lament

ANTHONY HOWARD

'And so', said the agency vice-president earnestly leaning over his desk, 'I suppose what we really are is Jeffersonian Democrats. I mean at least we believe in trusting the people – which is apparently more than all those ivory-tower professors do. You know, the battle that's going on between us and our critics – Vance Packard, David Riesman and all that crowd – is, when you put it in its historical context, exactly that which was fought out between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. And I don't have to tell you that Jefferson, and the people, won.'

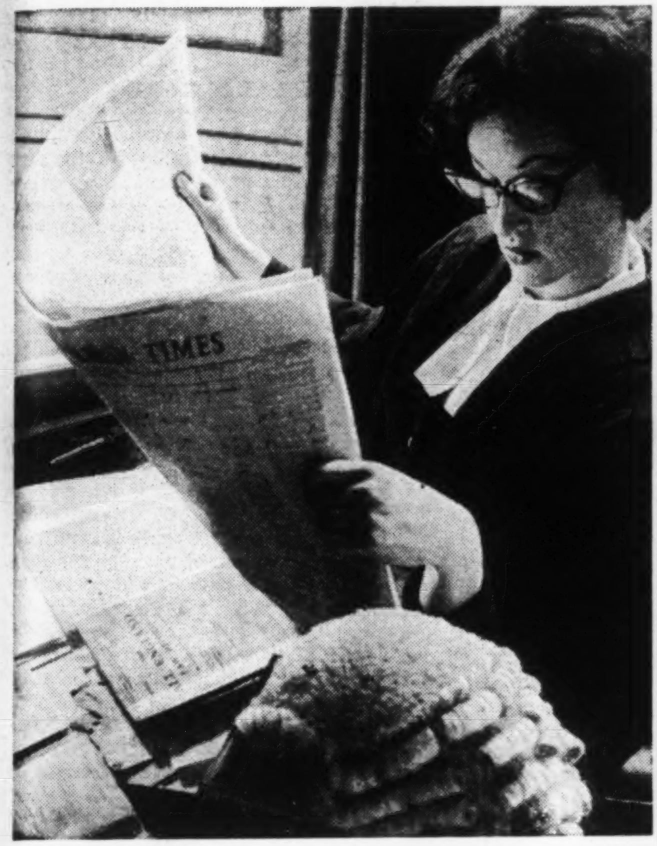
For Madison Avenue it deserved to be rated a brave try if only because ever since 8 November, in the 3,000-odd advertising agencies of New York, coats have been worn tightly buttoned at the neck against the suspected draught to come. The ad-men cannot forget, and anyway the Democrats are unlikely to let them do so, that in 1952, 1956, and 1960 the Democratic party account virtually had to go begging. In 1952 no large Madison Avenue agency would touch it; in 1956 an appeal for fair play brought an eventual (and, as it turned out, unhappy) acceptance by the small but lively agency of Norman, Craig & Kummel; and in 1960, perhaps as a result of that mutually painful experience, the account was again exiled all the way to San Francisco. By then, however, the Democrats had learnt how to hit back: from the moment their campaign was launched (by the key-note speaker at their convention) phrases like 'pitch-man prosperity' and 'government by hucksters' began to recur with a relentless regularity. By the end of the 1960 presidential election Madison Avenue was looking almost as badly knocked about as Wall Street had in 1932. For the first time in 30 years the bankers and the stockbrokers could afford to sit back and enjoy the spectacle of others being portrayed as enemies of the people. The conspiracy theory of politics had claimed a fresh victim; and the biter had been well and truly bitten.

Yet the ad-men seem to have sensed what was coming to them. In 1960, for the first time since Governor Dewey entered into his love-match with America's third largest agency in the late 1940s, the mammoth advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn baulked at handling the Republican national committee's account. Instead it took the lead in setting up a special *ad hoc* political agency called 'Campaign Associates' to which other Madison Avenue firms allowed their more eager partisan members to be drafted (quaintly, an expedient that had first been suggested – and rejected – in the case of the Democrats in 1956). The ruse, though, appears to have deceived no one. As the Republican ship finally went down some of the last heads to be seen above the waves were those of BBD&O executives who had defiantly arranged Mr Nixon's $200,000, four-hour telethon on election eve. To irreverent observers at least, Mr Carrol P. Newton (a vice-president of BBD&O who had been placed in charge of Campaign Associates) seemed, when all was over, to have very much the same kind of puzzled look on his face that Sir Alec Guinness wore in *Kind Hearts And Coronets* as he stood firmly saluting on the bridge while the dreadnought which he commanded plunged into oblivion.

For Madison Avenue had not only tried to steer the Republican vessel through the electoral waters: it had also largely built it, riveting complacency on to confidence, and satisfaction on to optimism, in its copywriters' wordyards. Not the least of the obstacles that Mr Kennedy had to overcome in order to attain his presidency was the whole tone of commercial advertising. No one taking his impression of the nation's mood from it could possibly have gathered that anything was wrong with the state of America (which a new product could not put right), or that things could conceivably in any way be improved (except in so far as advertising would loyally continue to chase the twin hares of mass production and consumption).

Whether it was the girl dreaming that she 'stopped the traffic in my maidenform bra', or the diplomat sending his son to Groton on the money he saved by buying an Austin, everything (including wish-fulfilment and vicarious ambition) seemed to be provided by a beneficiently organised industry. The final tribute to the ad-man's art was perhaps paid by the *New York Times* reporter who, towards the end of the 1956 campaign, wrote: 'The symbol of this election has been the smile on the face of the crowd in the President's wake. It is a peaceful, dreamy, far-away smile of pure contentment...'

In 1960, however, that smile was wiped off the face of the electorate, and as it vanished Madison Avenue lost its traditional buoyant bonhomie and began instead to look extremely bothered. It is not, of course, that the men from the agencies are today huddled into little shivering groups; they have, after all, their consolations – including the reflection that a Democratic administration, unlike a Republican one (which occasionally gets inconveniently carried away by notions of thrift), normally believes in 'priming the pump'. With perhaps this in mind, the accounts departments of the various agencies are already estimating that in 1961 'for the first time in history the total advertising volume will probably break through the $12 billion mark'. The ad-man's current anxiety is rather a more personal one, stemming from a sudden realisation that the price of the industry's eight years of supposed omnipo-



Not all who read The Times are gentlemen

THE NOTION that The Times is an article of gentlemen's furnishings, like a hat or an umbrella, is not quite apt, as our picture shows. For this young woman, in any case, The Times is a professional necessity as well as a personal pleasure.

On the law, as on other subjects, The Times speaks with authority. This is not the same as speaking *for* authority. The Times serves no cause except that of keeping its readers informed. It labours no argument, favours no group or region. It could not keep its readers if it did, for Times readers are alike only in that they are all different, and too critical to accept opinions clothed as news. Their quickness to spot humbug and their willingness to think for themselves are among the qualities which, so often, take Times readers to the top of the tree.

If you believe that news and views should be kept apart, and if you don't wait for a crisis to find out what's happening, you are yourself the sort of person who should be taking The Times.

Top people read THE TIMES

STUDENTS AND THE TIMES: As a student you can have THE TIMES for 2½d. Write for particulars to the Circulation Manager, THE TIMES, London, E.C.4.

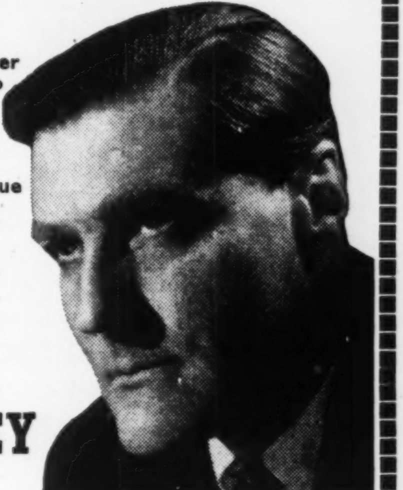
THIS WEEKEND IN THE

SUNDAY TIMES

COLD WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST

While our eyes veer from the Congo to Laos, from Laos to Cuba, the relentless pressure of Communist intrigue goes on in many other quarters of the world.

AIDAN CRAWLEY



Television commentator, writer and ex-M.P., Aidan Crawley, with his wife Virginia Cowles, has just returned from a long tour of the Middle East, where he studied the cold war in action.
Here, the stakes are high: oil, air communications, the Suez Canal, influence in Africa and the Moslem world, as well as a vital area for world strategy. Aidan Crawley probed the Arab-Israeli struggle, Nasser's African ambitions, the politics of oil, Russian construction of the Aswan Dam....

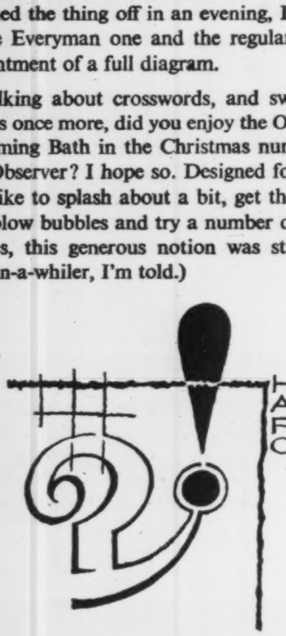
Aidan Crawley's first article, this Sunday, deals with the struggle for Iraq. It is based on an exclusive personal interview with General Kassem.

SUNDAY TIMES
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT NEWSPAPERS

Summit attempted, summit done

XIMENES . . . *I did it once*! My intellectual Everest, its all but virgin snows marked by one wavering trail of yeti-like footprints. But the Ximenes crossword, to tumble metaphors, is like smoking: either you don't or you are an addict. Most solvers are regulars. And when I learned that several friends of mine had polished the thing off in an evening, I turned to the Everyman one and the regular visual contentment of a full diagram.

(Talking about crosswords, and switching images once more, did you enjoy the Omnibus Swimming Bath in the Christmas number of The Observer? I hope so. Designed for those who like to splash about a bit, get their hair wet, blow bubbles and try a number of fancy strokes, this generous notion was strictly a once-in-a-whiler, I'm told.)



Lately I have found a new drug, habit-forming also for all I know, in The Observer Brain Twister—a mathematical or cryptographic problem of wide variety, with which there is no question of partial success. Suppose your life depended on a correct answer . . .

R.S.V.P.

Happily it doesn't, and so, digging my heels into the flanks of a new analogy, I can liken all Observer puzzles to green olives and pickled gherkins, kickshaws, side-dishes at the weekly banquet of Observer news and views. The protein in Mammon's City article is rarish, surface-grilled; in *The Nation's Business* it is simply very well done. The Profile, depending on the subject, may be anything from a juicy rabbit pie to a haunch of venison.

Whole wheat bread and the *best* butter for the editorial comment. Flummery from Paul Jennings. Ozone and mixed vitamins in Chris Brasher's new Leisure page (a dish you'll find on no other menu in the world). Rose petal and eschscholtzia salad from V. Sackville-West. Lawrence Hill for (bacon and) beans. A piercing, indefinable flavour from Gardner's small square cartoon mouthful.

From summits to sumptuousness in six imperceptible steps. No wonder Pendennis's title is 'Table Talk'. Pull up a chair and unbutton your waistcoat for next Sunday's Observer. J.B.L.

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tence has been a steadily increasing resentment on the part of the public. A few months ago beatitude itself seemed to be within grasp; now even empire has been discovered to be far away.

The shock of the discovery has had some very curious effects. The head of one large agency recently demanded: 'Someone must write a book called *The Proud Persuaders*'. The president of J. Walter Thompson has begged the industry 'to forgo the fast buck in generating a favourable attitude towards itself'. And one of the leading trade papers has summoned the whole advertising profession to arms with the grim warning: 'The destructive anti-advertising forces must be met head on and controlled before they inflict irreparable damage'. In the agony of defending itself the advertising industry has apparently forgotten even how to be persuasive and has become instead assertive and aggressive. Its spirit is perhaps best summed up by a somewhat brazen announcement that National Advertising Week (to start next month) will concentrate on 'the fundamental economic significance of advertising' and that thereby 'the more superficial grievances will be overshadowed and shown to be trivial'. That these grievances (traditionally centring on vulgarity and materialism) are not really as trivial as all that was possibly proved a fortnight ago. A small agency greatly obliged the profession's critics by placing an advertisement for copy-writers in the *New York Times* and holding out as a bait the statement: 'We are a booming and bustling and young and yeasty New York ad agency with more than $30 plump million in juicy blue-chip billing'.

Perhaps the truth is that advertising is never at its best when it is nervous; and the ad-men have every reason for whistling to keep their spirits up as they enter the Kennedy era. For one thing, the President takes a distressing interest in tightening up the government agencies, such as the Federal Communications Commission and the Federal Trade Commission, which formally control the contents and claims of advertisements. The advertising agency chairman who recently remarked 'there really isn't any significant difference between the various brands of whiskey, or the various cigarettes, or the various brands of beer – they are all about the same' may well find that the new administration shares his view and sees no reason why the general public should be prevented from being let in on the secret as well.

Yet far more than any threat to the future, it is probably what has already occurred that most worries Madison Avenue. For eight glorious years the men who worked there were able to persuade themselves (and their clients) that they alone were the people to whom all hearts were open and all desires known – merely to discover at the end that not only was this carefully constructed vision widely resented, but that it also simply was not true.

If it did nothing else, Mr Kennedy's close victory, and the manner in which it was won, showed that some secrets remained hidden even from 'motivational research'. Somewhere some subliminal dissatisfactions had gone undetected; and as Mr Kennedy came into office, American advertising was left sadly to mourn its mistakes with the plaintive but basically unrepentant cry: 'We have changed the connotation of so many products and companies. Surely we are smart enough to do it for ourselves.' On that basis – in Mr Kennedy's America – it does not promise to be an easy task.

Kiva and Cross

GERALD BARRY

It was Jacquetta Hawkes who first turned my feet towards New Mexico. I had the good luck in 1955 to read her chapters in *Journey down a Rainbow* just before setting off myself on a prolonged prowl through the United States. This determined me to make time to explore this lovely corner of America, where prehistoric Indian, Spanish and Anglo-American civilizations intermingle in a golden quadrilateral added to Uncle Sam's diadem during a brief, unbeautiful bout of colonialism 50 years ago.

But this is not the story, although I owe Jacquetta an unredeemable debt. She pointed my way to a country of sublime desert beauty where I made fast friends who invited us back, five years later, to share Christmas with the family. Jacquetta had made friends there too. In charge of the Coronado Monument, a few miles off on a spur from the Santa Fe highway, lives a Scot called Cameron. On his way, as a youngster, to seek fortune on the west coast, he took one look at the Sandias and one breath of mountain air as the train made its Harvey-halt at Albuquerque, and grabbed his baggage off the rack just in time to settle there and stay for ever. When I claimed Jacquetta as an acquaintance, his eyes lit with pleasure.

In Albuquerque, on Christmas Eve, they decorate their houses, street by street, at dusk with *luminarios*. The roofs of the one-storeyed adobe-style houses, the front gardens, the pathways are outlined with continuous strings of lights, made up of candles sheltered within cylinders of paper. The whole town glimmers. Driving out from there, under an almost full moon, across the semi-desert, we arrived for midnight Mass in the Pueblo village of Laguna. ('The richest parish in New Mexico', whispered my hostess. The Pueblos have found uranium in their territory and the discovery has brought them both riches and the problems that riches bring.)

These Spanish mission churches wear the pathos of all peasant art. Heaped up out of bulging adobe brick, they reproduce the best that Indian slave-labour could make of half-remembered images of Spanish baroque sketched on parchment by nostalgic migrants 5,000 irretrievable miles from home.

The immense high nave of the church, its flat roof supported by beams of pinyon and cotton-wood, was crammed – the gallery also – with an all-Indian congregation. Something of what was to follow was evident in the décor of the building. For although around the high altar the paintings and images were wholly if rudely Christian, perched under each Station of the Cross along both walls of the nave was a row of katchinas; and below these, patterning the full length of both walls in sombre reds, ochres and black were painted pagan tribal symbols (freshly painted too – it came off on our coats). The Mass, odiously sung but reverently attended, reached its shaky climax. Two or three hundred Indians queued up with pious mien to edge their way to communion. Then, the priest (a white American) having completed his final rites and slippered into his vestry, the congregation rose in a throng, cleared the dust-floor of its noisy iron chairs, flung open the great west doors to the moonlight – and in filed the dancers, feathered and drummed, to celebrate another faith.

They danced there until dawn. I cannot tell why it should be, but the two ceremonials following one upon the other seemed to invoke no conflict in the minds of these engrossed people. They seemed to embrace both equally; though one suspected that, if it were ever to come to the pinch, the *kiva* not the Cross might command their final allegiance.

This sense was fortified four days later when we scaled the rock cliffs of Acoma, one of the oldest of existing Pueblo villages, perched on the crowded plateau of a mesa rising vertically, red and gold and deepest purple out of this surrealist desert land. The patron saint of the mission church here, which ranks as a cathedral, is St Stephen. As this festival falls on the day after Christmas, there were four continuous days and nights of dancing, all done in the 'cathedral'.

To anyone anticipating pagan frenzy these quiet dances may seem dull. They are contained within a small, strictly disciplined, pregnantly down-to-earth ritual; but to the attentive eye the hypnotizing repetition soon grows highly articulate. The women, from grandmothers to five year olds, make only the smallest of movements, feet never off the ground, wrists oscillating from left to right in the most delicate of rhythmic motions, countenances grave and withdrawn. It is the poise of their heads, but especially their hands and arms that most compel attention – on every finger of both hands and often on both forearms an orgy of turquoise rings and bracelets. Some of the hands are painted with a delicate white dye to resemble gloves of lace. Boys and men will shout as the dance demands, smile, beat their feet, make telling obeisance to the earth with their shoulders; but the tempo remains always moderate, the rhythm from dance to dance scarcely varies.

Costume and ornaments presented a grotesque mixture of prehistory and Woolworths – eagle and peacock feathers, wolf-tails waggling from male behinds, bell-spangled calves like English folk dancers, dazzling magenta, turquoise and gold robes, dime-store jewellery, huge spangled ornaments thrusting out sideways from the men's left ears like something on a Christmas tree – rich, gaudy but somehow still real. Troupe follows troupe repeating its special dance until it retreats exhausted; often two teams are dancing simultaneously to different incantations under the same resounding roof. And every now and then, weaving their tortuous way through the dancers from the far end of the church up to the chancel steps, a girl, an old man, a family group will unregarded reach the altar, kneel wrapt before the crib – with the drums thudding in their ears – and dissolve themselves again into the crowd.

The Church was wise, when it filtered back after the rebellion of 1680, to allow some licence in this matter of an older faith. Both parties had learnt their lesson. How thoroughly on the Indian side, and how lastingly, was here demonstrated by the two motionless figures standing on either side of the altar, their backs to the crucifix, the rifles in their hands pointing outwards towards the doorways – sentries standing at arms to repulse the intrusion of any presumptuous priest. They had stood there, said my Indian informant (and I have only his word for it, but it seems to make sense) every year since the missionaries returned after the rebellion. Every dance-time they have stood there in this Christian place of worship to make sure that no second attempt to obliterate their Indian gods should succeed.

Like the Past Heroes

W. JOHN MORGAN

Outside the Royal a young man, understandably unnerved by the exhausting afternoon, puked into the gutter while his friends pranced around him in the style of the Welsh three-quarter line, but chanting: 'Willy can't take it, Willy can't take it'. Along the road a pub manager was informing a group of grapplers: 'You can knock each other's teeth out, tear off each other's arms and legs, but not on my premises after stop-tap'. At which a gang of hustlers hustled them off the premises and they resumed their grappling amiably on the pavement. Rain was now falling. In the cocktail bars girls who had been crossing and re-crossing their legs, and then their eyes, had to face up to promises. In the bars where draught beer was sold people who had never seen each other before, and those who had, barely articulated arrangements for the next time. 'Great game. Marvellous', we all agreed.

From the Welsh point of view the game with England is always the occasion of the year, a fact which, in itself, explains why: that sense of defeat, after seven centuries, still flourishes. Old scores may be worked off and, last Saturday, were. What made the Welsh victory so satisfying was that the English were quite trampled into the sod by a Welsh side all the pundits had been despondent about. More than that, we were short of a forward all through the second half. Peryf ap Cedifor,

THE GUARDIAN

lively minds

(like yours)

like

THE GUARDIAN

Lively is as lively thinks. In a sense, Guardian readers are born, not made. They are equipped from the start with a hunger for more than the bare bones of life—a desire to know the How and the Why as well as the What. Such lively minds take naturally to the Guardian, for here is information transmuted into knowledge, knowledge given the extra dimensions of wisdom. Were *you* born a Guardian reader?

a 12th-century poet, although writing at a time when the eight-man pack of forwards had not been envisaged, put it rather well (roughly translating): 'We were seven men, faultless, indestructible, in attack irresistible; seven men, unshakeable, who would get stuck-in till the last trump; seven men, like the heroes of the past, who would not let them pass'.

Before the match the jokers had been active, helped this year by the fact that the selectors of the Welsh team had been overcome by gas at the Newport club during their deliberations. (One must remember that selecting the rugby team is the nearest Wales gets to self-government, so that the process attracts the degree of criticism and gossip associated with Cabinet-making in England). Otherwise inexplicable nominations for the Welsh side were being referred to, inaccurately, as the CO^2 men.

Not that all the current jokes had to do with football. There were non-parochial asides about having a gamekeeper's kit for Christmas. But the match, by its passion, its unexpected exhibition of skill, its closing minutes of almost intolerable tension, raised the occasion above this level of vulgar comedy.

Afterwards, trembling a little with singing and pleasure and the fear that, in those last few minutes, the awful luck of the English would pull them through to a victory they did not deserve, pressed in the crowd, we made our way to the nearest bar, open at half-past-four for the occasion. In the street a man still sold Welsh favours. 'Missed your shift, mate?' Two men sold steel-grey balloons in the shape of Zeppelins. A gang ahead of us bought one. 'What we'll do, see, Davy, is make a hole in it and fill it with beer. Be nice for the bus back'. (Speaking as a man who was once arrested, but very briefly held, in such a situation, I could see their night unfolding. There would be a bit of a punch-up, and the driver would stop out of fright, and a policeman would be handy, and eventually all would be well, after speeches on all sides.)

'What a difference from those boring Boers', said a friend in the first bar, referring, on the one hand, to the high quality of the match we had just seen, and on the other to the presence, undefeated, in this country of the South African rugby team. I said that I wouldn't know. How far, I put it to him, slipping into gear, is your boredom with the Boers due to their desire to win at all costs, and how far due to your guilt feeling that you've watched them in spite of your liberal principles? 'I was kidnapped', said another friend, 'when the South Africans played Wales. I was taken to London. When I returned the next day, Cardiff was under water. I was driven home in a motor launch through the streets of the capital and took the salute in the prow. There were pictures on television'. Since this was a friend who had once left us at closing-time and gone for a stroll near Llanberis and had later been seized by the Mountain Rescue people while staring at the dawn from the summit of Snowdon, we believed him.

'Watch this', said another friend. (All the world is present at the match with England.) We followed an ex-international of our acquaintance into another bar. In a corner was a quorum of an education committee, the men all in heavy spectacles, the women in large hats. We listened. 'Headship' was the key word; our acquaintance shook hands all round: those years of side-stepping and tackling had not been in vain.

In the cocktail bar the evidence for notaries of social change mounted steadily. 'How much?' asked a tinplate-worker, ordering his round. '£2 11s 6d', said the girl. He paid with a five-pound note and carried his Benedictines, Drambuies, brandies and whiskies to a corner crowded with friends and, which is the crucial social change, their wives. At the bar a man asked what was the point of living in London if you hadn't seen the girl with the snake perform at Raymond's Revuebar, a performance which he had witnessed during the Motor Show.

We soon shook him off and went across the road to where hymns were being sung with spirit, if little acquaintance with the words. 'People don't know the hymns they used to know', we said. 'When no one knows the hymns, how will we be different from the English?'

Morosely we then analysed this situation, forgetting the evidence of the afternoon at the Arms Park, until the beer ran out. We moved out into the street again, a gang who had been behaving in this way, on international day, as long as we could remember, and began planning the trip to Paris for the match with France. 'If we catch a special bus to a field near Folkestone, there'll be a plane, believe me, that will take us to within 60 miles of Paris', said our kidnapped friend, 'for a mere eight quid'.

Two years ago, on an overnight excursion to the Paris match, he had been slipped a mickey in a Montmartre bar, robbed of his wristwatch, money and passport, spent the night drinking with the chief of police, raised the Embassy on a Sunday morning, and arrived back in Wales on Wednesday after we all had assumed his demonic talent for the bizarre had at last found him out. This time he hopes, we hope, to see the match.

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Correspondence

THE RAT RACE BEGINS AT SEVEN

SIR, – In 'The Rat Race begins at Seven' you have exposed one aspect of the segregation that our education system fosters. The full force of the cruelty to children which the selective system engenders does not, however, cease at the point of the 11-plus selection examination itself.

In a large and, in other respects, a progressive education authority for which I worked for some years as a Primary teacher, the process of selection operates as follows. In the early months of the last year for the Primary school leavers, examination results more or less cream off the Grammar and Central school place winners and the main selection for which the children have been trained is settled. Then the really fierce battle for places begins.

The unsuccessful pupils are required to name three schools of their choice in order of preference. As may be imagined, the 'next best' Secondary Modern schools are popular choices. Schools which offer a GCE course, or a 'Trade' course, or one in a 'nice' area (and these assets usually go together) are obvious favourites. After these schools have picked over the candidates, whose confidential Primary school records accompany them, the next dreary round begins, and the scramble for the third-best schools is started. At the end of it all it is no wonder that only the 'sink' schools have vacancies and into these, as if by natural selection, the dregs eventually pour.

I have known many children in the last weeks of Primary school life, rejected by all three schools of their choice, as well as by the examination which initiated the whole wretched system, not knowing where they would be going next term while their friends and their neighbours' children are all accepted somewhere. One can easily imagine how deep are the injuries to self-respect in such cases.

'Blow you, Jack' begins early in these conditions and the lesson is not lost on children who may be academically undistinguished but are quite aware of, and sensitive to, discrimination. Later, in school and in outside life, the 'rats' in the race often turn. If they bite wildly at society around them, we might ponder the responsibility for their anger.

TEACHER

SIR, – Our ruling classes may not have placed undue emphasis on learning but it is even more to be regretted that their critics have never placed undue emphasis on decency. The real reason that so many parents wish their offspring to go to public schools is because children who attend the ordinary state schools pick up a foul vocabulary and indecent behaviour.

Your article completely ignores the real difficulty. Many Protestant friends of mine send their children to Catholic convent schools. This is entirely because they know that there they will be taught to behave decently. If this is snobbishness, then the more snobs we have the better.

Technologists may be needed for atom bombs etc, but what humanity most urgently needs is an overwhelming proportion of decent individuals. Technologists may or may not be decent people; which proves that our ruling classes are essentially right not to place undue emphasis on learning. May we have another article please really dealing with the problem as it affects our daily lives?

E. LIDDALL ARMITAGE

47, Blenheim Crescent
Notting Hill, W11

SIR, – I have never read an article which portrayed more vividly and succinctly than 'The Rat Race Begins at Seven' how our education system serves to preserve the class structure of our society and to maintain the social status of our traditional ruling class. The article raises many questions of vital importance to the Labour Party: here are three of them.

First, how far is the steady decline in the fortunes of the Labour Party since the war due to the absorption into the middle-class atmosphere of the selective Grammar school of thousands of able boys and girls from working-class homes? Before the war the natural ability of these young men and women, after leaving school, despite their very limited education, was responsible for much of the drive, fine organisation and enthusiasm in the party.

Secondly, is there significance in the fact that no comparable decline has occurred in London and Coventry, which from the start nailed their colours to the mast of the Comprehensive secondary school?

Thirdly, what has happened to these able and now well-educated young men and women, who are so conspicuously absent from our ward and divisional Labour parties? Are they just uninterested political neutrals? Have they become young Conservatives? Are they 'drawing-room' or actual Communists? Or will they one day return and bring back to the party its former fire and energy?

R. St John Reade

3 Oakland Road
Bristol 6

Sir, – Your leading article this week, in citing the Queen's 'official biographer' for her lack of aptitude in childhood for mathematics, appears to refer to something I wrote in *The Work of the Queen* (Kimber, 1958, p. 17). May I make it clear that the book is not a biography and the author not official?

Dermot Morrah

Oxford & Cambridge University Club
Pall Mall, SW1

UNILATERAL OR MULTILATERAL

Sir, – Christopher Mayhew's pretence that a person who believes in Britain unilaterally getting rid of nuclear weapons cannot also support general disarmament is unworthy of him. But as the argument first sprang from some comments by Critic in the London Diary perhaps I should again succinctly state the unilateralist case as I understand it.

First, there is the question of approach in negotiation. In the abortive and protracted disarmament discussions some 30 years ago, the British thought the French had too many submarines and the French that the British had too many battleships. A British admiral, officially negotiating, as I remember it, said that battleships were 'more precious than rubies'; his French opposite number, no doubt, muttered something about submarines being more lovely than pearls. Both sides assumed that it would be a terrible 'sacrifice' to have fewer of these valuable assets; naturally both were successful in avoiding any such sacrifice.

The unilateralist holds that the chances of success are far greater if his government starts by asserting its determination to rid itself of the weapons of mass destruction and urges that in that case other powers could safely do the same. The CND does not suggest, as Mr Mayhew must surely know, that our government should simply scrap everything without an attempt to persuade others also to withdraw from this lunatic competition. The unilateralist does, however, hold that if we fail to persuade others the best hope of ending the deadlock would still be for Britain unilaterally to refuse to rely on the nuclear deterrent.

There is a good reason for this belief that Mr Mayhew does not consider. As long as the balance of terror is confined to Russia and the US it is at least possible that the world will not be destroyed. No one believes that disarmament is even remotely possible if a dozen or so other countries decide to make their own nuclear weapons or accept these weapons from one or other of the great powers. If Britain decided to become non-nuclear, she would be in an excel-

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SOME OPINIONS

'Heartiest congratulations on the Indian National Bibliography! This is a wonderful achievement of which you must be proud.'

F. C. Francis, C. B., Director British Museum, August 26, 1958.

'What a wonderful job you have made of it . . . every one is to be congratulated on the enormous amount of work and thought that has gone into the splendid result. I know that your countrymen are going to be proud of this work and I feel I want to shake you and your colleagues by the hand for having set your National Bibliography off to such a fine start!'

A. J. Wells, General Editor, The British National Bibliography, October 8, 1958.

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The Library Association Record, Vol. 61, No. 3, March, 1959.

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lent position to persuade other states not to embark on a course which their governments know is both financially ruinous and strategically perilous.

Mr Mayhew's persistent misrepresentation of this simple and much publicised case suggests to me that the Campaign for Multilateral Disarmament is concerned not with the problem of disarmament, but rather with scoring debating points in a Labour Party controversy. This seems to me the height of irresponsibility.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London WC2

DIVIDENDS UNLIMITED

SIR, – Mr Selwyn Lloyd has again been appealing to the trade unions to exercise restraint in wage claims. British Chancellors have been making such appeals since the autumn of 1945 without, however, removing the danger of inflation. It was hoped that the credit squeeze would help to induce such restraint; but it is now recognised that it is an ineffective instrument and that it tends to curtail output more than incomes, to curb supply more than demand. As the *Third Report of the Council on Prices* said, it is 'imperative' to find some other way of dealing with the danger of cost inflation.

Can the unions be expected to exercise restraint in wage claims when, as last year, dividends are allowed to rise by 27 per cent, five times as fast as wage rates? And can company directors be expected to exercise restraint in the distribution of dividends when the law says that it is their duty to earn as high dividends as possible for their shareholders? It is not very much use for the government to say, as it did in last year's *Economic Survey,* that it is 'wrong' for any one section of the community to obtain a disproportionate share of the benefits of increasing productivity. It is the law that the surplus earnings of industry belong to the ordinary shareholders and if the government thinks that continuing increases in dividends have a disturbing effect upon the economy, then it should arrange for the law to be changed.

Is there any good reason why the ordinary shareholders of large companies should continue to be the residual beneficiaries of industrial development, why industry should continue to be run for the profit of these people? As Professor Berle makes clear in his recent book *Power without Property,* the ordinary shareholders of large companies play no effective part in controlling them and there is no obvious reason why they should continue to receive an unlimited return when their liability has been limited for a hundred years.

Temporary legislation for the limitation of dividends was proposed by the government in 1940 and in 1951 and has several times been recommended by the TUC. Permanent legislation would be a more complicated business; but if a permanent limit was set on the return paid on all classes of share – not necessarily based only on past dividends – and if the surplus earnings of industry were distributed directly or indirectly among those actively associated in production, it would surely help both to reduce cost inflation and to increase incentive and production. Possibilities of this kind should be borne in mind by the Jenkins Committee on company law.

PAUL DERRICK

10 Park Road
Kenley, Surrey

ENCOUNTER

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UNDEMOCRATIC DOCTORS

SIR, – May I, through the medium of your journal, thank all those people who wrote to me as a result of my recent letter to you complaining of the arbitrary power exercised by hospital specialists. The list of correspondents includes patients, next-of-kin, doctors, clinical psychologists and even hospital chaplains, and is far too large to permit of individual replies. All agreed with my main thesis that the chopping-down to size of consultants is a social need requiring high priority.

My chief concern, however, is with those who ask whether I can help them personally in their difficulties. Regrettably, but obviously, I have neither the power nor ability to do so; but I can at least draw their attention to a possible life-line held out only this week: a number of Labour MPs have amassed sufficient evidence of wide-spread racketeering and abuse in the National Health Service by consultants which will lead them to demand a government enquiry. The allegations are supported by Dr David Kerr, secretary of the Socialist Medical Association, who has said: 'These immoral practices are going on throughout the country and they are destroying people's faith in the Health Service'. In addition, the Ministry of Health has already promised to consider tightening up regulations to curb consultants who find the ethics of Midas more attractive than those of Hippocrates.

Leading the group calling for a probe into the National Health Service is Will Griffiths MP, and I suggest that people who experience any variety of malpractice by consultants write either to him or their nearest Labour MP giving full details. And let them tell the specialist concerned of their intention – it is surprising how weak despots can be when faced with the prospect of retaliation.

J. MORRIS

28 Charnwood Drive, E18

MIDDLE CLASS ETHICS

SIR, – I am a housewife, and for the past two years I and my family have lived on a newly-developed housing site, the sort which I imagine Mr R. C. H. Webber would call 'middle-class'... If I and my family are suffering from any 'strain', it is not because we are seekers of 'status symbols' (nor, happily, so far as I can see, are any other families on this site) but because the effort of getting even the smallest maintenance work completed during two frustrating years has worn us out – a window in my boy's room, warped and permanently gaping since 1958, and paintmarks splashed all over the fireplace tiles during building operations were, believe it or not, only dealt with last week.

Mr Webber has stated a fundamental truth when he maintains that houses are for living in; I should also like to point out that cupboard doors are for shutting, windows are for opening, roofs are for keeping the rain out, and handles are for not coming off. The ardently 'house-proud' woman with never a speck of dust in her house nor a thing out of place is a type which, I must confess, strikes terror in my breast, but why should it be so bourgeois to want one's home to look nice? In fact I can't help feeling that if one pays between £5,000 and £8,000 for a house one can justifiably expect a certain standard of workmanship and a certain speed of execution. (I hate to rub it in but some work is *still* outstanding.)

So perhaps Mr Webber will understand why, when the good old British workman, boots or no boots, finally does show up in our house bent on some maintenance project, I am loath to let him out of my sight – he might so easily disappear again before the task is completed, and I just haven't the strength to wait another two years.

I would like to add in closing that if Mr Webber is ever in Highgate, he would be welcomed with open arms – he must be a pearl among building workers. We could do with a chap like him about the house and I might conceivably offer him a drink without mentioning the hazards entailed in buying a new 'middle-class' house and living in it.

JANE MERRY

23 Hillside Gardens
Highgate, N6

LAW REFORM

SIR, – Eight extra High Court judges are appointed and Lord Chief Justice Parker complains: 'My chief problem is a shortage of judges and too much crime'. Then why not remove half of the judges' work from these over-weighted courts by transferring so many civil cases of industrial compensation to more efficient tribunals in a more fitting atmosphere? Most people are surprised to learn that a High Court judge switches from foulest crime to a civil case in the adjacent room, from considering murder to listening to some industrial accident, a strained back, a skin disease or a broken limb where the damages (less loss of wages) vary with the judge's feelings at the time, like a prison sentence.

Overhaul of the administrative and court procedure coping with cases under employers' liability is long overdue. A useful step was taken several years ago when cases worth less than £400 compensation (mostly loss of wages) were transferred to the County Courts, and released some of the more trivial High Court work. Today a busy assize, dealing with criminal cases from murder to arson, still struggles to clear more than 100 cases of damages for industrial injury. Some are rushed or adroitly settled round the corner of a week-end. Many are listed as 'remanets' to wait another four to six months for next assize. Judges get classed as 'defendants judges' or 'plaintiffs judges', as their decisions seem to go, and the damages vary astonishingly. Beyond the loss of wages, there seems to be no scale or measuring stick among the judges for assessing damages, and solicitors are known to duck a court rather than appear before a judge in the wrong category.

The civil courts in Britain lack central records of severity and causes of accidents grouped by industry and court judgments. A high proportion of common law cases is judged by 'foreseeability' and the gross absence of records reduces the High Court to spot decisions.

The battle of the courts in employers' liability rests between the large insurance companies and the trade unions (and less frequently legal aid) and not, as would appear from the reports, between an alleged negligent employer and his stricken employee. There is evidence of several years' delay by correspondence and inquiry before such cases reach the rarefied levels of the High Court. Here the chance of well deserved damages or of bankruptcy by losing, with heavy costs, may turn on a loose phrase or slip of memory in the witness box. Barristers and sometimes the judge apply their varied skills and refinement to upset or discredit witnesses.

The transfer of workmen cases from the High Court to more frequent and, some think, fairer tribunals at County Court level may curtail some legal incomes, but will spread the work more evenly. Earlier and more efficient hearing of industrial compensation cases will be expected, and most of the insurance companies and the unions must welcome the change, to reduce the heavy costs of litigation and provide a fairer basis for negotiating settlements.

EMRYS PRIDE

Harlow Lodge
Llandaff

GUILLOTINE AND GALLOWS

SIR, – Reviewing a new book on the French Revolution, Mr A. J. P. Taylor makes the assertion that 'during the revolutionary years more people were hanged in England for petty crimes than were guillotined in Paris for treason'. The victims of the guillotine under the terror (quite apart, of course, from the victims of the September massacre) were over 2,600, and the Terror lasted around two years. If he wants us to take him seriously Mr Taylor needs to show that well over 1,000 people were hanged for petty crimes in each of those years. The first year for which the Home Office published criminal statistics for England and Wales was 1811. In that year we find there were 45 executions, and there had been 87 murders and 29 attempted murders, the main crimes for which men were hanged. In the next ten years, the number of hangings rises to an average of about 100 a year, or 965 in 10 years. In the same period the numbers of murders and attempted murders were 699 and 455, a total of 1,154. The number of hangings was 95 in 1822, but from that year onward it is around 50 a year, except for the three years '27 to '29, when it was between 70 and 80. Commitments for trial were rising all the time, from over 5,000 in 1811 to over 20,000 in 1832, and broadly speaking there were two convictions for every three prosecutions (see Vol XI, p.386 of *English Historical Documents*, Eyre & Spottiswoode).

Reforms such as came in the 1820s had not begun in 1811. Then it was the same Criminal Law, being administered by the same sort of people, as in the 1790s. From where does Mr Taylor get his wildly different figures?

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

14 Howick Place, SW1

[A. J. P. TAYLOR *writes*: 'The revolution lasted at least ten years. The English governing classes went on hanging all the time. The French ran the guillotine only for two years – and by no means all its victims were for treason'.]

SIR ARCHIBALD McINDOE

SIR, – I have accepted a commission from his family and executors to undertake the authorised biography of the late Sir Archibald McIndoe, CBE, FRCS. I would be most grateful if anyone in possession of personal letters or recollections would communicate with me c/o Weidenfeld & Nicolson Ltd, 20 New Bond Street, W1.

LEONARD MOSLEY

THE GREENELAND ABORIGINAL

SIR, – Your amiable profile contains one amiable mistake. My father had not the honour to be a canon, or even a clergyman, of the established Church.

GRAHAM GREENE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Immanence of Emerson

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

Professor of American Studies in Manchester University

For a long time now Ralph Waldo Emerson has been inert and inaccessible to most of us. We conceive of him, if at all, as a kind of lay preacher, and preachy like his kind; as a vague pantheist, the Bard of the Oversoul; as the best that a debilitated and never robust New England tradition could produce; as a well-meaning prophet of vulgarian 19th-century notions of progress and individualism; as a figure with textbook labels attached to him – the Sage of Concord, the American Scholar. He is a man for calendar-mottoes. Indeed I have just found one from Emerson on my own desk-calendar, along with contributions from Dr Johnson, Marcus Aurelius, Goethe and Stanley Baldwin:

> One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it in your heart that every day is the best day of the year.

What a bore, we feel: what a flabby injunction, what a thin combination of *Carpe diem* and *Excelsior*; and how right that, in America at any rate, Excelsior should be the trade-name for the miscellaneous shavings used to stuff cheap furniture.

Musty. It is clear that Emerson once signified something, and to a great many people. Hardly a secondhand bookstall that does not hold at least one shabby little volume of his essays – *Representative Men*, perhaps, or *The Conduct of Life*. We look into these volumes, attracted by a phrase here and there, fogged by the general rhetoric, puzzled by the ardent underlinings of the long-dead owner. We leave him there.

Or, if we have shown more curiosity, we are still not much moved. For all his yearning to live on some lofty plane, out of time, with such chosen spirits as Socrates or Montaigne, Emerson's appeal could not survive his own age. Contemporaries were more moved than they could readily explain. He was, it might be argued, the innocent progenitor of a whole host of inspirational works, the true begetter of *How to Win Friends and Influence People* and *The Power of Positive Thinking*. He wrote in aphorism, he exhorted, he seemed ferocious but was actually soft: a false Savonarola.

Putting the matter more exactly, according to this view, Emerson's *intellectual* appeal could not survive his own age. In his generation thoughtful men (though not all), as well as the ordinary public, responded to him. All that survived was the sententious, rosy and unrigorous side of him. He was the sage of the half-educated, eclectic, high-minded and somewhat silly. Though Hitler no doubt never read him, Nietzsche did; and in this sense Emerson might be regarded as the unwitting prophet of a more ominous heresy. Glorify the Individual, sing the praises of the Great Man, and you are within sight of the doctrine of the Superman.

That briefly is the case against Emerson. It is of course a grossly garbled case. In recent years some of his countrymen have attempted to answer it. They have stressed that Emerson was a professing Yankee no less than a Transcendentalist, acutely and wittily aware of his own deficiencies, those of contemporary reformers and theorists, those of his own region, and those of America as a whole. This was the Emerson who could remark drily that 'after this generation one would say mysticism will go out of fashion for a long time'; or who saw the United States as a plant that 'all runs to leaves, to suckers, to tendrils, to miscellany.'

Recent scholars have argued that, far from dodging difficult philosophical problems, Emerson's whole work was an attempt to grapple with them. The distinctions between mind and matter, or between God and Nature, or the question of good and evil: these were the foundation of Emerson's systems of huge polarities. Certainly he was not blind to suffering. His father died when Emerson was still a child, of tuberculosis, a disease which overshadowed the whole family. His first wife died young, and his son, and his two brilliant brothers, one of whom had become insane. If he was optimistic, his was not the foolish cheerfulness of the man who has never known deprivation.

As the editors of an excellent new collection of Emerson's personal journals* insist, much of the turmoil and uncertainty of his career has been smoothed away by previous editors. In the interests of ministering to the accepted version of the venerable Mr Emerson, scholar-gentleman, they suppressed occasional pungencies of expression, confessions of early inadequacy, hints of an unfulfilled yearning toward a Harvard classmate, evidence that at one stage – like most Americans – Emerson had reasoned himself into the belief that the Negro was of an inferior species, midway between the animal and human kingdoms.

The Emerson that we begin to recover from such devoted editing, and through the endeavours of Perry Miller and other students of the American intellect, proves to be an extremely varied and considerable figure. At last we seem ready to understand the complexity of his situation. His notes on sermons, lectures and books, his excerpts from the highly intelligent letters of his aunt Mary Moody Emerson, and his drafts of poems and essays, introduce us to a desperately earnest and bewildered boy. The early Emersonian amalgam includes a layer of formal, classical education: readings in Latin and Greek, ethical conundrums, speculations upon the downfall of empires and the influence of climate upon character. Another and very different ingredient is romanticism; the daydreaming undergraduate turns from his Cicero or Dugald Stewart to Byron and Scott, to a story of his own about a witch, to a poem on 'King Richard's Death' which started out as a ballad on King Arthur, to a fantasy of a landscape of castles, hills and waterfalls.

Religion is another, possibly a double element. The nearer part of it was Unitarianism, the accepted creed of Boston and of the Harvard Divinity School in which he trained for the ministry. His father had been a Unitarian minister, and Ralph Waldo was well liked by his own Boston congregation until he decided to resign. His undergraduate style is ministerial. Half his rhythms echo the Bible and the 'Yea, verily' techniques of the pulpit.

But Emerson rebelled against Unitarianism – that cool minimum formula which so suited the Boston merchant class – not in order to retreat to a still more bloodless faith but, on the contrary, because he desired something more grandly religious. What he sought was an acceptable 19th-century equivalent of old-style New England Calvinism. No such equivalent could be found: at least, none that would have been even remotely tolerable to his Puritan ancestors. Yet it was what he offered to his contemporaries, qualifying his raptures over Nature and his assurance that the unsearched might of Man was a reservoir of moral progress.

Emerson the student was deeply ambitious, and wretchedly vulnerable. To his humiliation he graduated from Harvard without honours, outshone later by his brothers. 'For shame! O Emerson! Arise to industry! To glory!' was their father's call; and this summons to action and accomplishment was to be passed on to others by Ralph Waldo in the knowledge that it was not an easy road. As sternly as any Calvinist he recommended a regime of duty, discipline and the moral law. Human nature might be perfectible: in the meantime, man remained (as Emerson wrote in his favourite poem, 'The Sphinx') 'an oaf, an accomplice,' who 'poisons the ground'.

Duty and delight: the same double character attached, in quasi-religious form, to Emerson's idea of America. If it was not better than other countries it was the worst of failures. It could be superior: was so in its heritage, in the fact of its Revolution, its lucky position in the modern world: therefore it *must* be better. The role was exhilarating, but exacting.

Little by little all these defined Emerson's own role; though, as Henry James observed, the ideal mode of utterance always eluded him. He was not a poet, though he wrote poetry. He was not a novelist, having no taste for fictions. He was not a theologian, though he discussed God at some length. He was not an essayist, though he published several volumes of essays. He was not an aphorist, though he wrote some wonderfully condensed things and though he revered the

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***The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson.* Volume I, 1819-1822. Edited by WILLIAM H. GILMAN, A. R. FERGUSON, G. P. CLARK, M. R. DAVIS. *Oxford.* 80*s*.

same faculty in Bacon and Montaigne. He was in truth something indefinable: that theoretical being whom he christened the American Scholar. He was in intent a practical visionary, one who was certain that bliss was just around the corner.

Put in such a way that Emersonian creed sounds pathetic, and we seem to be back where we started. I think that it must be put in some such way, and that there are important objections to be made. Emerson's previous editors did not conceal a vast amount from us. To argue that he had a powerful and unifying sense of tragedy is to read him only partially – a game that can be played both ways. Indeed, if Emerson has been misinterpreted by being quoted out of context, one must say that the temptation to do so is often ungovernable, when his essays appear to be composed of a score of contexts.

I also think that Emerson is a great figure, indispensable to us if we are to sympathise with the 19th century, and in particular with the United States of that time and since. In the highest reaches of literature or philosophy he is a disappointment. He reads like a lost, incomplete masterpiece that has been badly garbled in places. This is the very nature of Emerson, unable to apply more than a portion of his own multiple heritage, unable to do more than provide an abstract promise of the future. So the tone is by turns stringent and slack, reticent and explosive. Progress is both a dream and an imperative. The great American experiment is both a picnic and a covenant; and what a strain it imposes on the participants. Who can round the corner into bliss? There are no rules, and yet the strictest of rules. It is an opaque gospel, and very thin in latter-day forms. Yet there is a diffused goodness about it that we can still recognise in the American temperament; and a quality of almost hectic aspiration that is detectable in Melville and in Henry James, in Thomas Wolfe and Henry Miller, and in many another unlikely place, as well as in Dale Carnegie and Norman Vincent Peale. Emerson pervades the American air, and will even if nobody reads him.

Exorcism

Out, out, you Dullard in the nerves,
Gray brinkman, tingling through the blood,
Numb-fingered, dulled in the taste bud,
Who can't eat cake, would not dare kiss,
So chickensteers around Love's curves
Teasing the intimate abyss.

Begone, Goldfinder of the groin,
Old influence-monger in the heart,
Who knows the capitalist art
Of making scarce whatever's worth
Desire, and pays lust's famine coin
To mine the fool's veins of his earth.

And you, Nixmaster of the tongue,
Soft wordsman, scrambling in the mind,
Unsilent Quaker who can find
True facts belying your own doubt
Till all walls fall; ruler among
The ruins of affection; out!

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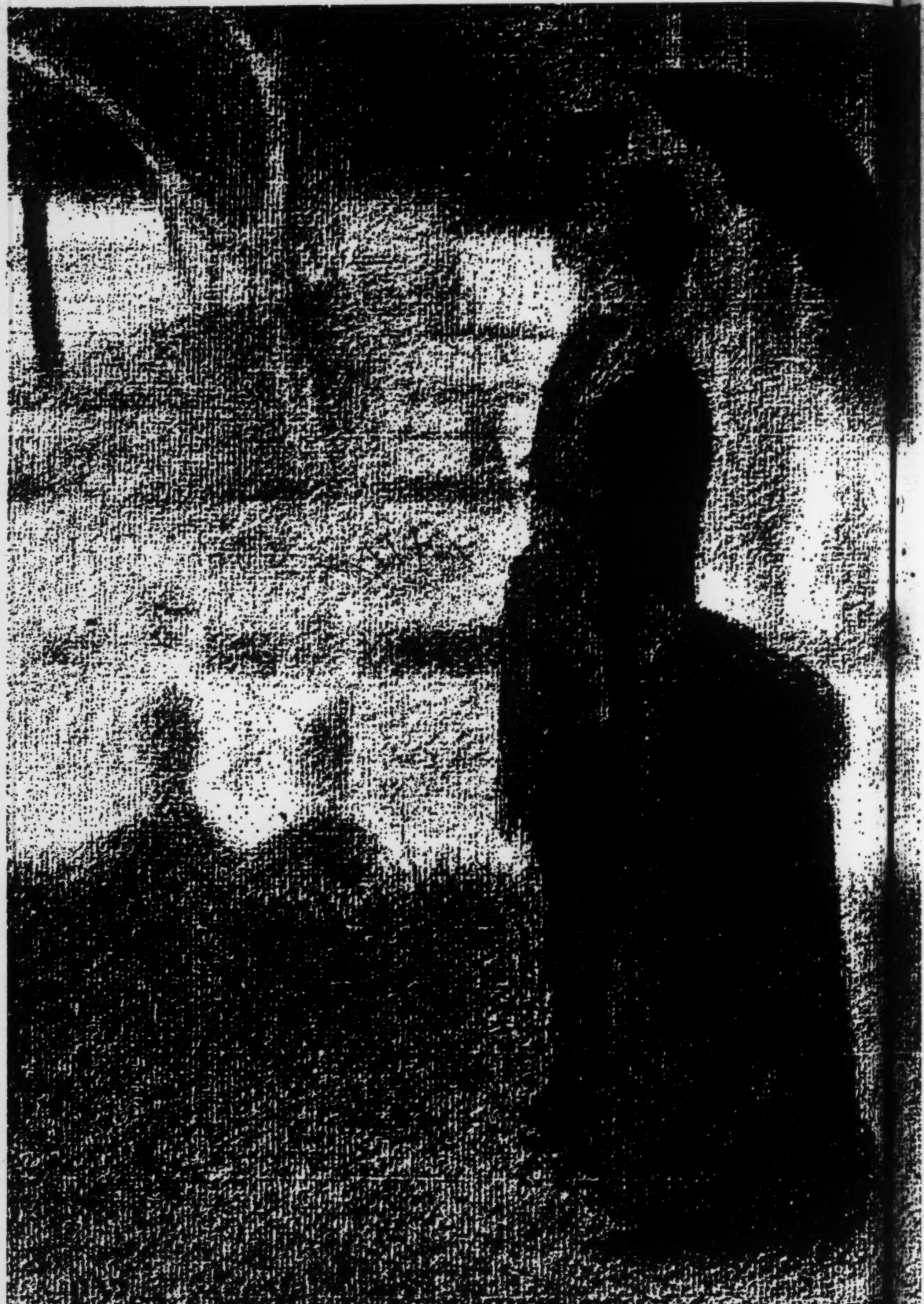

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The Motion

I

The soul has many motions, body one.
An old wind-tattered butterfly flew down
And pulsed its wings upon the dusty ground –
Such stretchings of the spirit make no sound.
By lust alone we keep the mind alive,
And grieve into the certainty of love.

II

Love begets love. This torment is my joy.
I watch a river wind itself away;
To meet the world, I rise up in my mind;
I hear a cry and lose it on the wind.
What we put down, must we take up again?
I dare embrace. By striding, I remain.

III

Who but the loved know love's a faring-forth?
Who's old enough to live? – a thing of earth
Knowing how all things alter in the seed
Until they reach this final certitude,
This reach beyond this death, this act of love
In which all creatures share, and thereby live.

IV

Wings without feathers creaking in the sun,
The close dirt dancing on a sunless stone
God's night and day: down this space He has smiled,
O who would take the vision from the child? –
Hope has its hush: we move through its broad day, –
O, motion, O, our chance is still to be!

THEODORE ROETHKE

American Gothic

Love and Death in the American Novel. By LESLIE A. FIEDLER. *Secker & Warburg.* 60*s.*

The patient is brought in. It has been decided to try some depth psychology on him. First, a few biographical details. Name: America. Address: unfixed, always on the move. Religion: Protestant. Age: below consent. Married or Single? See later on. Illness: complains of nightmares.

Depth psychologist, Freudian, Jungian, anthropologist, sociologist, metaphysician, critic Fiedler puts him on the couch. Now, tell me about these nightmares. Patient resists, says he sees nothing wrong in having nightmares. Europeans have them, don't they? Didn't they start in the Age of Reason, the 18th century when he became conscious? Why not take it out of the Europeans, they invented him, didn't they? Analyst Fiedler calms him. Asks him to try again. Well, the patient says, these nightmares seem to have started after reading a book called *Clarissa* by Samuel Richardson, the story of a middle-class, genteel Protestant girl who held out for four volumes against a dark, evil, aristocrat called Lovelace, but was raped in the end.

The patient wanted to write a book like that, but could not achieve it. What stopped him? No similar class system, no aristocrats, Calvinist upbringing. Also couldn't possibly tell mother he was thinking about such things. Why not? Mother, a woman. Women are all right for Europeans; women represent libido for them but, for Americans, women something dreadfully different: super ego. Drive a man into primeval forest to look for a male friend. What is wrong with that? Patient repeats the word 'nightmare'. Crime everywhere. He has killed his father, married his mother, hankers after a sister; the friend in the forest is bound to be dark-skinned (unlike dear mother who is pure, angel blond), Indian or Negro. Miscegenation a terrible thought. The patient can't look his dark friend in the face, doesn't want homosexual trouble and, in any case, he has robbed the Indian and the Negro of their land and liberty and even massacred their ancestors.

So the patient returned to mother; mother understands. Tells him he is her own good bad boy, just dreaming a boy's dream. Patient gets up, hits out at mother in a rage, wants to marry his sister, bursts into tears and asks why he can't have grown-up dreams like the Europeans do, dreams like *Madame Bovary, Anna Karenina,* even *Vanity Fair.* Why, in short, must the American novel be a juvenile nightmare, the patient says, not the dream of an adult love?

In 591 pages ravenous for ideas Mr Fiedler tells us, in the name of depth psychology, how the American novel broke with the European novel; or rather, how it broke with the novel of manners because there were no interesting manners, as Henry James complained, to describe; and how it developed the genre, brief and abortive in Europe, of the Gothic novel. His book is absorbing, although the subject has been less richly but more lucidly treated by Richard Chase in *The American Novel and its Tradition,* and without Mr Fiedler's effusive repetitions and his habit of finding symbols everywhere.

Mr Chase stuck to the novel; Mr Fiedler is pursuing in all directions his obsessive views about American life in general, the perversity of American fantasies, the glueyness of its matriarchy and the attenuation of the sexual instinct. Why have American women been bred with long legs? For castration purposes; see Scott Fitzgerald, Nathanael West, Scarlett O'Hara and the heroines of Frank Yerby. What the literary critic misses!

Mr Fiedler's theory of the Gothic tendency is, I believe, new and stimulating. It is based on a thorough understanding of the Gothic beginnings in Europe and analyses brilliantly and suggestively the permanent American enlargement of the genre, first of all in early novelists – unknown to us – then in Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Twain and Faulkner, and a large number of forgotten purveyors of fantasy. His argument is strong. These novelists are either straight Gothic or they derive from Gothic the sense of terror, haunted guilt, flight, violence, the bargain with the devil, the sense also of hell and loneliness which have dropped, he says, into the unconscious by American extroversion, rootlessness and puritanic fear of adult passion. There were no castles, no frightful legends, chained ghosts and lunatic, sadistic aristocrats in America; but, one by one, the American novelist found the psychological equivalents of these in his inner life, in the incestuous wishes and terrified guilts of the secret self.

Several of the novels named do, indeed, bring out his point, but, most effectively, in the bad ones – melodramatic writing is a gift for the psychoanalyst. Mature works of art, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* for example, are too subtly evasive or resolved. A bad novel like Melville's *Pierre* can be used as a piece of American anthropology or as part of a psychological enquiry into Melville's life, but it has no place in the serious literary achievement of the American genius.

Psychological or ideological criticism may shake up our curiosity, stimulate, correct – or ruin – the creative imagination, suggest new values, but they cannot tell us how good or bad a work of art is. The best pages of *Pierre* are psychologically and morally deplorable; as deplorable as, shall we say, Oblomov's marvellous dream of his childhood – and almost as good. But his lack of interest in literary values does not detract from the perspicacity of Mr Fiedler's anthropological words on Gothic romance. Writing about a ranting passage in *Pierre* he says 'Gothic is essentially a form of parody, a way of assailing clichés by exaggerating them to the limit of grotesqueness'. The clichés are those of an impoverished emotional life. In bourgeois society, the poet enacts in his own life the disorder and madness, the longings and guilts the society has carefully repressed.

> But 'The what he fears is true' is the subject par excellence of the Gothic, when it is more than mere trifling and titillation. The secret motto of the form is, as we have seen, from the beginning: *The Dream of Reason Breeds Monsters,* and in America, particularly, this unwelcome truth has to be continually reasserted at a pitch of shrillness capable of cutting through the clamour of official voices crying out official good cheer.

That is good; unhappily Mr Fiedler rants too. What are we to make of phrases like 'the incest taboo converted into a quasi-supernatural toxicity'?

If Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* is to be called 'the emblem of the fate of the American male', *i.e.* to be a boy, what about our

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own century's sexual revolt? For Mr Fiedler this is the period in which the American Clarissa no longer fights off the raping Lovelace; the Lovelaces are raped by the Clarissas. There are some curious quotations. And, going through his Hemingway and his Scott Fitzgerald, he easily shows that though sexual desire rages there is still no sign of the treatment of adult passion. The note on *Lolita* is excellent. The later positive Faulkner is weak because it goes back on the Gothic tradition that had really given him his strength. For Mr Fiedler, the political novelists of the Depression are not interesting for their social realism but chiefly for their belief in violence – a point that used to be made about Malraux – and it is impossible to deny that this aspect has been neglected.

All the same, the really violent period was in the Twenties. Whatever the bowels and unconscious of the novelists of the Thirties were doing, these novelists were also bringing back sense, order and charity to their society. It is very easy to concentrate only on the peculiar sexual notions of Richardson, but the prosaic fact remains that the abduction and rape of heiresses was an industry in 18th-century England and one that existed for social and even economic reasons. *Clarissa* is rational before it is morbid. Similarly, the violence and shiftlessness of feeling in American life are, from the novelist's point of view, perfectly visible, apprehensible and coherent. If they are poorly understood it is the fault of American realism, and since Mr Fiedler has read so well and widely and knows what a good novel is, I would like to know where he thinks realism has gone wrong. I find it hard to believe it is fundamentally an un-American activity.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Artist on the Frontier

Guillaume Apollinaire and the Cubist Life. By CECILY MACKWORTH. *Murray.* 25*s.*

At a time when the works of Henri Hayden and of Zadkine are on show in London and the twisted roots of the century lie exposed at the Musée d'Art Moderne, while we remember the Picasso exhibition and still catch the echoes of radio's *Art-anti-Art*, it is useful to be reminded of Apollinaire and the part he played in the great circus that began it all. We cannot think about his relations with Cubism and other innovations of his time without re-examining our own responsibility to what is new, and the path we in our turn have to build between Order and Adventure. Perhaps Miss Mackworth exaggerates the role played by her hero in the evolution of modern art. Looking back, it is easy to schematise, difficult to distinguish between what was operative and what was merely there. Painters who knew Apollinaire and worked in that period tend to avoid hyperbole about his significance as an art critic and a motive force. But there can be no doubt that he was a ready and enthusiastic supporter of anything that could help to 'detach the new century from the old.'

Any book with so lively a subject is bound to be interesting. Everything about Apollinaire was colourful, complicated, extreme, and attractive. The illegitimate son of a Polish adventuress and an Italian aristocrat who soon disappeared, he had no father, no home, no country, and more names than he knew what to do with. From the long rigmarole – Wilhelm Albert Wladimir Alexander Apollinaire de Kostrovitzky – attached to him by his fearsome mother, he chose the simple but exotic pseudonym by which he is remembered. For his home he chose Paris. For his fatherland he chose the future.

His life could provide incidents and themes for volumes. He was a lyric poet of a very high order; even his most outrageous technical and typographical experiments had serious method as well as modish madness. He was a distinguished pornographer. In 1911 he spent six days in the Santé Prison on suspicion of having stolen the Mona Lisa. He was an ardent and indefatigable, if somewhat old-fashioned, lover, for years the inseparable companion of Marie Laurençin, who can be seen with him in Rousseau's *La Muse inspirant le poète*. He was the friend, collaborator and champion of all the important artists of his time: Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Rousseau, Derain, Gris, Chirico, Chagall, Delaunay – the list could be extended indefinitely, and he weighed in for them all. He was, as Roger Shattuck has called him, the impresario of the *avant-garde*, and like most impresarios he collected kicks as well as ha'pence from public and protégés alike. All the main streams of the early 20th century mingled in the wine that flowed at his weekly at-homes. His writings gave currency to much of the vocabulary of modern art. Cubism, orphism, surrealism – the words were not always his own inventions, but it was he who whisked them into usage, and in 1924, six years after his picturesque early death of war-wounds and the great influenza, his terminology was affectionately adopted for the title of the Surrealist Manifesto.

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of this book? It follows a conventional, mainly chronological order. There are digressions to examine, with more than generous quotation, the various literary and aesthetic issues that crop up, and there are excursions to describe subsidiary figures and provide 'local colour' – Montmartre, Montparnasse and all that. But for the serious reader there is nothing that has not already been made available recently in Marcel Adéma's *Apollinaire* and Roger Shattuck's *The Banquet Years.* Neither of these is mentioned. In fact there is no bibliography at all, and quotations are only perfunctorily identified. One soon grows uneasy. Some facts are incorrect, and points that are controversial are presented without qualification. There is no mention of Yves Blanc, one of Apollinaire's more unusual correspondents; the poet appears improbably naive over the novelty of his ideograms; the identifications in the group photograph need checking. No, this is evidently not for students.

But the general reader will find that the book has drawbacks for him too. There is more detail than a non-specialist can comfortably assimilate. The tone is very English, disapproving of all but moderate excess, and talking of 'poor Max Jacob' and 'poor Alfred Jarry' in a way that recalls Mr Hobson, Mr Logue and the Hound of Heaven.

Still, the book will entertain some for whom its subject is new, and its appearance recalls a generous example of how best to help the present into the future. Time, we know, will tell. But it is we, now, who decide what time will say. *'Pitié'*, said Apollinaire, who knew that art must be given the benefit of the doubt, *'Pitié pour nous qui combattons toujours aux frontières.'*

Barbara Bray

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First Aid

Agony of the Congo. By Ritchie Calder. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

A handsome prize should go to anyone who unravels the Congo tangle into simple language we can all understand. Six months after the United Nations sent in its earliest teams, the whole situation there must seem quite mad to any European who tries to grasp what is going on, and has nothing more to help him than the evidence of newspapers and diplomatic shouting-matches. I don't think this book would qualify for my 'explanation prize': not because Mr Calder's ideas are obscure or his facts are few, but because his report is limited largely to the technical and non-political sides of the Congo story. Since he is writing from a UN standpoint – and the UN is formally debarred from political intervention – this restraint is understandable, and in fact it makes his hard-hitting exposure of the Congo's social tragedy more convincing. This off-the-cuff report on what UNOC – United Nations Operation in the Congo – has tackled and achieved is useful and unique. Calder travelled widely throughout the Congo: he went to the difficult places and asked the awkward questions.

What he has to tell should reassure anyone who wonders if UNOC has been really worth its keep. The answer, clearly, is that UNOC has done and is still doing at the technical level a vital job that no other organisation could or would have attempted. A wise internationalism has prevailed. Medical staffs have gathered from all over the world to replace those hundreds of Belgian doctors who simply locked their surgeries when independence came, and left. Calder shows that the same is true for other important fields of professional work – teaching, railways, telecommunications, first-aid relief and day-to-day security for life and property.

The Belgians come out even worse than one had thought possible. In Orientale province, for example, all but two magistrates followed the example of their medical colleagues. 'Don't let's quibble about the word – they *bolted.* They left their papers spread on their desks and in one instance a telegram unopened . . .' Meanwhile their government at home had carefully robbed the infant State of any hope of financial stability. It quietly removed the Congo's gold reserve. It took away the wages that were waiting to be paid to employees in some of the Congo's utilities. Having sucked the country dry for 50 years, it simply turned it over to the world's charity. Belgian banks even blocked funds that were needed to run essential services. Belgians in the Congo persistently obstructed UNOC teams. After the Mobutu *coup,* Belgians began filtering back into the Leopoldville government: they made, in Calder's understandably angry words, 'a flagrant take-over bid'. One may add that they are still making it – and still getting away with it.

It is this Belgian take-over bid that constitutes the real spanner in the works. This, too, is what infuriates African governments without whose support the UN cannot proceed. Mobutu delivers Lumumba to Tshombe behind whom, as behind Mobutu, stand the Belgians. Then why should Africans blame the UN? Because behind the Belgians stand the Americans (and, ambiguous as ever, the British); and it is the Americans, more than anyone else, who are running (and paying for) the UN effort. Hence the UN effort, wrongly or rightly, appears as little better than a cover job for getting the Congo into an inextricably subordinate position. American efforts to show up the luckless Lumumba as a Communist (as much a stooge of the Russians, that is, as Tshombe and Mobutu are stooges of the Belgians) have not yet convinced any serious African politician.

For all this the UN takes the kicks, and it is tough on the men in the field. How far could the Secretary-General have avoided a clash with the neutralists as well as with the Communists? This is hard to say, for lack of inside information; but two things seem clear. The first is that the UN has gravely compromised itself in the Congo: at certain points it has seemed, if not actually been, quite unnecessarily close to the American position. The second is that Mr Hammarskjold has repeatedly chosen the path of silence: only his Ambassador in the Congo, Mr Dayal, has so far dared to tell the truth about the Belgians. (That is why Mr Dayal is so unpopular in 'Western circles'.) One sees, of course, the difficulty in Hammarskjold's position. Yet events suggest, and many of the implications of this book confirm, that Hammarskjold would have done the UN better service if he had published the facts about Belgian and American activities during these last few months – and damned the consequences.

Basil Davidson

New Novels

All Fall Down. By James Leo Herlihy. *Faber.* 16*s.*

Golk. By Richard G. Stern. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 16*s.*

Forest of the Night. By Madison Jones. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

Walk Egypt. By Vinnie Williams. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

'For a long time I used to think everybody in the world was insane and I was scared to death on account of it and had nightmares about all these maniacs on the loose everyplace. But now that I know better I just get depressed.' Clinton Williams speaking, not Holden Caulfield; James Leo Herlihy writing, not J. D. Salinger – but writing pretty well, offering his own version of the raw American adolescent cocking a snook at 'all that David Copperfield kind of crap'. In Cleveland, Ohio, this time, with big-brother Berry-Berry Williams standing in for kid-sister Phoebe Caulfield as the I-am-related-therefore-identified symbol. It's no skin off Herlihy's nose if I put on my rye-catching glasses to read him; no skin off mine, either. It's good to look through them again. A Mark 2 JDS vision-corrector lens (slightly rose-tinted) is better than none.

All Fall Down, told in straight narrative, with interpolated extracts from Clinton Williams's notebook (a free form that pays technical dividends), is about an American middle-class family and their lost boy, their black sheep, Berry-Berry, who turns up for a few minutes every two years or so, not to get his breath back which is short from bumming, swindling and womanising, but to check his I-still-want-out pulse. His mother, Annabel, hopes for a change of heart, plans, talks, nags the stay-at-homes, opens her own heart in letters to an old friend (which Clint steams open for notebook source-material) and trusts in God to give Berry-Berry back, for Christmas anyway. Her husband shrugs his old-fashioned radical shoulders and offers her festive-season substitutes in the shape of three specimens from Skid Row. Clint observes, records, plays permanent hookey, takes a trip to Florida to find his brother but loses his virginity instead to a baby doll called Shirley.

He returns to Cleveland and falls in love with 30-year-old Echo O'Brien. Echo carries spanners and spark-plugs in her handbag and drives a souped-up '29 Dodge. But for Echo oil is strictly for sumps. There's red blood in her veins right enough. Berry-Berry makes one of his one-night-stand appearances, sees Echo, and stays around long enough to make her pregnant and drive herself to suicide on the road to Toledo. Clint goes gunning for his identity-symbol brother but doesn't pull the trigger.

Holden Caulfield said: 'I'm standing on the edge of some crazy cliff . . . I have to catch everybody if they start to go over.' Clinton Williams says: 'I believe I'm through having too many nightmares. In fact, the kind of person I believe I am now is the kind that when somebody *else* has a nightmare, then I wake up and take care of them.' The journey of this master's-footsteps-follower is not unsentimental, but it is lively and it gave me quite a lot of pleasure.

If you could imagine ITV's *Candid Camera* run by a man who thinks the public are gullible fools and publicity-worshipping morons, instead of by Mr Bob Monkhouse who says he thinks they are patient, kind and terribly good-natured, you'd have some idea of the kind of programmes presented by Golk, the central character of Mr Stern's first novel. For the benefit of those who don't know what *Candid Camera* is, it's a poor man's *Face to Face* in which the poor man is ignorant both of being on camera and of having his leg pulled.

Mr Stern's novel is well written and very well constructed but I thought his people were all variations of his main character, Golk, who is himself only a type, a sick-sick image rather than a sick, sick man. The novel is about his rise and fall in the world of New York Televison, but there's hardly an executive suite or a bit of grey flannel in sight, so don't be put off on that account.

Mr Golk's fall is due to his taking his programme to its logical social conclusion. He arranges a mock reception which is attended only by his staff and the victim – a member of the Washington establishment who is pushed into saying what he thinks of a colleague. I wish Mr Monkhouse would try this. Or perhaps someone could try it on Mr Monkhouse. Still – the laws of libel would get them in the end. They got Golk.

Forest of the Night by Madison Jones and *Walk Egypt* by Vinnie Williams are both variations of the American Folk Tale. The Jones novel aims honourably high and honourably misses; the other aims low and hits, Book-of-the-Month-Club style. The curious thing about them is that each creates an illusion of being set 50 years earlier than it actually is: 1750 for 1800 in *Forest of the Night*, and 1870 for 1920 in *Walk Egypt*.

The Jones country, Tennessee, is almost primeval, Eden-like, its log-cabin settlers dull, brutish and bloodthirsty. The first 100 pages are remarkable for their lucidity; there is a grave, stern quality in Mr Jones's writing, and he sets a scene magnificently. It's his people who leave me cold; but then I'm not much won over by silent, bare-foot girls who move from hearth to couch with no change of expression. I always feel that they have hatchet faces and that their cat-got tongues are the result of their not being able to make out what the books they are in are about.

There's another silent, bare-foot girl in *Walk Egypt*. Everybody else talks, though, which makes a change even if it finally wears you down. Miss Williams works hard at her poetry and is moved by her heroine. This is a girl called Toy. She lives in Georgia. Pappy dies. Stony-hearted she runs the mill and Makes It Pay. If Wick hadn't married her at long last she'd have ended up pointing a muzzle-loader at us, saying 'Git off mah laend.'

PAUL SCOTT

Scenes from Cooper

Scenes from Married Life. By WILLIAM COOPER. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

Scenes from Provincial Life. By WILLIAM COOPER. *Penguin.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

When *Scenes from Provincial Life* appeared in 1950 it was as though the English Novel had returned from the war, with the words 'As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted . . .' It was a novel set in the Thirties, but looked at from the Fifties, and it is now possible to see how it set the scenes and established the style of the decade. The action took place in a provincial town; the hero was a master in a grammar school; the surface of the novel was brash and cheerful; most of the dialogue was in Light Programme demotic; and much of the action was extremely funny. In construction and method it was deliberately old-fashioned – Edwardian – with chapter-headings: 'Tea in a Cafe', 'A Morning at School', and so on. Mr Cooper was trailing his coat, making rude noises at the mixture of experimental writing, Kensington Gore language and Rue de la Seine culture which had bored him in the Thirties.

At the same time *Scenes from Provincial Life* was a very earnest book, dealing with the theme of artistic integrity with great seriousness. It was also a kind of non-intellectual and almost non-political political novel; it was written during the lifetime of a Labour government, and all the main characters are the kind of people who, a year or two later than the period of the book, stretched their collective muscles and threw Chamberlain off their backs. Finally, it was a book of deep feeling and peculiar charm.

I have said that *Scenes from Provincial Life* 'was' this, and 'was' that; but it has just been reissued by Penguins, and has passed Mr Connolly's apparently modest test which so few novels pass: it has lasted for ten years. I have just re-read it, and find it not only as good now as in 1950, but even better; the echoes of a decade ring out from it.

And now, also, Mr Cooper has written a sequel. In *Scenes from Married Life* Joe Lunn, the narrator, is ten years older, and a writer. (He has achieved recognition with a novel which sounds very like *Scenes from Provincial Life*). He is living in London and working in the Civil Service. He is still unmarried, and when the book opens, he is, as usual, having an affair; Mr Cooper has a gift for creating attractive girls, and since one has to go back to Kilvert's Diary to find anyone quite so impressionable as Joe, it is really inevitable that he should always be having affairs; this one is with a girl called Sybil.

At the same time, as we know from *Scenes from Provincial Life*, Joe is very reluctant to get married. However, he meets a girl called Elspeth, and at once decides that this is the

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one he *will* marry. But characteristically he is in no hurry, even now, and in any case he must put an end to the Sybil business. There is also other business of another kind to be arranged; the Civil Service job is temporary, and in the course of the novel passes from being insecure to being actively threatened. And Joe becomes very anxious about his new novel: there is a prospect of a prosecution for obscenity, and Joe has the alternatives of emasculating or suppressing it.

Joe has, on the other hand, the support of friends, and particularly of Robert, who appeared in *Scenes from Provincial Life*, and who has now become both a senior novelist and a senior Civil Servant. (This is an unusual combination, and since Mr Cooper makes no bones about drawing on 'real life' for his material, it makes one wonder if he has a real-life original in mind. Trollope perhaps?) Robert marries a girl called Annette, who is a linguistic philosopher, and whose father is a very senior Civil Servant indeed. Finally there is Harry, a cousin of Joe's whose intense curiosity about his friends makes him the *diabolus ex machina* of the plot.

Mr Cooper is a natural writer, readily inventive and constantly entertaining. But he is sometimes too natural, writing in the way that talkative people talk, at low pressure; and in *Scenes from Married Life* the pressure often sinks, and we have passages which are neither funny, nor sad, nor perceptive and surprising, but merely jaunty. The truth is that Joe Lunn as an established author and London clubman in 1949 is not as interesting or significant a figure, as Joe Lunn was in Lunnville Grammar School in 1939. At the same time there are very good things: the scenes between Joe and his publishers' solicitor, on the subject of indecency; some of the Whitehall passages; Sybil and getting rid of Sybil.

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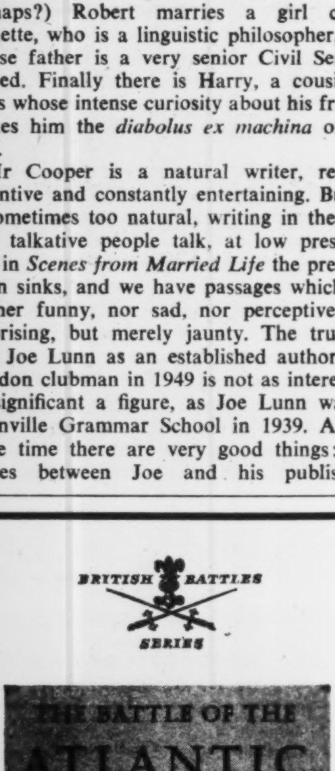

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Although *Scenes from Provincial Life* received a good deal of attention, it has not, I think (at least up till now), received as much as it deserves. Now that the material and the attitudes are more familiar, *Scenes from Married Life* is likely to be a great success. That would be only fair; but Mr Cooper has written, and no doubt will write, better books.

J. D. SCOTT

Great Game

Bayonets to Lhasa. By PETER FLEMING. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s.*

Peter Fleming, as he has told us on more than one occasion, always reads the Agony Column of *The Times* before turning to the news. But apparently he is not content to be merely a sufferer of such august agony, and those of us who share his breakfast tastes learned some time ago that he was also an accomplished inflictor; we read one morning that he was anxious to get in touch with anyone who had first-hand knowledge of the Younghusband expedition to Tibet in 1904, and we were agog to know what we were in for. Now, with *Bayonets to Lhasa,* the Colonel has put us out of our – well, discomfort.

Just a fortnight before Christmas 1903 Younghusband and his column of over a thousand men set off to cross a 14,000-ft Himalayan pass into Tibet, bringing with them the first wheeled transport the Tibetans had ever seen. Nine months later the leader of the Mission was inside the Potala Palace at Lhasa, signing a treaty with the Dalai Lama's regent under the supercilious, and ominous, eye of the Chinese representative, while outside a battery of British ten-pounders, prepared with both blank and live ammunition, was trained on the sacred building; the gunners were uncertain whether they would be required to fire a salute or a bombardment. The signing over, the British soldiers went back to their gymkhanas and football (the ball sailed to an unwonted height in the thin Tibetan air), and a month later Younghusband was back in Darjeeling. Almost immediately the gallant hero became the victim of one of the shabbiest campaigns of denigration to be waged this century.

Even if it were lifted from the context of the Great Game, the expedition's story would be enthralling enough: the slaughter of the Tibetan army at Guru, cornered like sheep in a pen; Younghusband in Lhasa being entertained to tea, cigars and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits; the terrible mutual acrimony that grew between the leader of the political Mission and the commander of the escort; the Sikkim tea-planter playing 'See the Conquering Hero Comes' on his gramophone as the column marched past his bungalow on their return. And no one could tell it better than Colonel Fleming.

His prose, stuffed with sporting and equestrian metaphors, is a marvellous vehicle for the story, and he tells it in the humble terms of its protagonists, prying out their motives with his own knowledge of soldiering and travelling in High Asia, with his sympathy for his fellow-men and his understanding of their fallibilities. Thus he shows us Younghusband, the brave, lonely, almost fanatical mystic; General Macdonald, the foolish, cowardly commander of the escort; Curzon, the Viceroy, brilliant, arrogant, unaccommodating; Brodrick, the bumbling, and later venomous, Secretary of State for India. And the minor characters: Captain Parr, an Englishman in the Chinese Customs in Tibet who provoked Miss Annie Taylor, a Scots missionary dressed as a Tibetan, into complaining of his habit of drowning his illegitimate children in her well; the British officers and newspaper correspondents on the expedition; and the imponderable, stone-walling Tibetan lamas.

But it was as a round in the Great Game played between Britain and Russia across the Roof of the World that the Younghusband expedition is most important, and Colonel Fleming's sense of its comedy and tragedy is more than matched by his gift for fitting them to the fascinating, and often astonishing, scale of history. For 400 years the Russian Empire had been growing at the rate of 55 square miles a day, and there were rumours that Russian influence in Tibet, which was already entangled in a net stretching from Manchuria to Egypt and on as far as South Africa, was now growing too strong for the British Empire's comfort. Viceregal bellicosity, swashbuckling adventurism and plain bureaucratic anxiety combined to launch an investigation. But when Younghusband reached Lhasa the cupboard was bare and save for a paltry indemnity and Tibetan sanction for a British trading post he came empty away.

The final twist to a round in the game that was never free from irony or fantasy came, mercifully, too late to be witnessed by the one man who emerged from it all with credit. The last laugh was uttered not in London, nor in St Petersburg, nor in Moscow. It was heard, nearly sixty years later, echoing across the world – from Peking.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON

A Modern on Ancients

Essays in Antiquity. By PETER GREEN. *Murray.* 21*s.*

From 100 BC to AD 1900 the one thing constant in Western education was a knowledge of Latin, and in periods of high civilisation educated people also knew Greek. So it is no wonder that classics remain the senior branch of learning at ancient universities. They hang on like the Bullingdon Grind or the boat-race. Yet classics are not merely a picturesque survival suitable for advertisement in the *New Yorker*. In so far as the Greco-Roman world was a phase of history which can be understood only by minds enriched with the resources of the twentieth century and which will then yield fresh insight into our world, we do well to spare able minds for Greek and Latin. Dr Peter Green's first aim in *Essays of Antiquity* is to convince us that the main pool of classical scholarship is so incredibly stagnant that most of the minds will be wasted and some of them tainted:

> I believe that the whole cultural and philosophical legacy of Greece and Rome is one of our vital and precious possessions; but I see it slipping beyond our reach through pedantry, fear, selfishness, intellectual snobbery, sterile traditionalism and sheer pigheadedness.

He instances school-children taught Latin to O-Level with no more insight gained than that Caesar was a self-justifying bore and that Ovid was keen on mythology; older students getting Greek as a gentleman's moral hall-mark, seduced by the excitement of slipping rhetorical tropes and clichés into their compositions, and sliding into the adult pleasure of textual emendation; at Cambridge they get Firsts by 'a good memory and a capacity for elegant translation' and become dons jockeying upwards in their faculty by avoiding anything new or dangerous, 'romantic escapists impelled to burrow for warmth into the womb of a pre-industrial, non-atomic, unmechanised antiquity.' Classics has become a soft option.

I enjoy this slashing and whacking as much as Dr Green, though I notice that some of his victims are stuffed. 'I wish we weren't doing Aeschylus, Sophocles' vocabulary is so much more useful for verses' was a traditional joke in a sixth form 30 years ago. Yet the main attack is well placed, and I hope it may make a breach in one crazy corner of the stately home: the insistence on mere parody, represented at all student levels by the writing of prose and verse in Greek and Latin, not only wastes intelligence but corrupts it through forcing it into clichés and stylised attitudes; and where important prizes are given for these antics classical studies are degraded into a clever, meaningless and enjoyable manipulation of the past. Professor Grant's recent damning of rhetoric as a cause of idle thinking in ancient Rome should hit far harder in his own faculty.

In his other essays Dr Green can't help proving the liveliness of some contemporary classical scholars. He is one himself, and as free as he ought to be with praise for his sources; though there is a charming moment when he fancies he was the single live-wire in 1954 – who thought Herodotus a more important historian than Thucydides. Sometimes the pleasure of his writing is in the mere puncture, as when he points out that geometric art isn't a serious guide to Homeric construction unless you want to think Homer was technically incompetent. I admit having been stung myself into looking at these eighth-century vases with properly open eyes. And in the more important matter of Roman borrowing he is wonderfully liberating in his assumption that the conventional entry of Greek mythology into Latin poetry is as boring and pretentious as it seems to be to the common reader.

When the Romans came to power the Greek cities of Southern Italy and Sicily had suffered least from the numbing effects of Alexandrianism. Culturally pubescent, the Romans embraced Hellenism with eagerness and shame. Dr Green's view is that while they were free men they created a genuinely Roman literature; but as freedom of speech disappeared, Greek antiquity began to be used as an escape. Thus Ovid, who was in the *Amores* a passionate realist about personal love, was edged by the Augustan moral censorship into writing the Alexandrian *Heroides*, but retrogressed into the heartless *Ars Amoris*, which cost him his exile despite a new bid for respectability in the *Fasti*. Sincerity and great poetry returned, as Ovid did not, in the *Tristia* of the Black Sea. Thereafter nothing important was left to literature except well-masked satire. Even Petronius, 'that archetypal Daddy of the beat generation', chose Southern-Italian low life to exhibit the instability and bloody-mindedness of his time.

Dr Green ranges widely over the ancient world. Whether he is refusing to allow Hesiod to be a NEW STATESMAN radical, or putting the morals back into the life of Caesar, or discovering a new metre for translating elegiac couplets, I find the same delightful energy of a wide-awake intelligence confronting men and ideas in very clear prose.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

African Statesman

Zik: a Selection from the Speeches of Nnamdi Azikiwe. *Cambridge.* 15*s.* and 25*s.*

A friend of mine in Lagos told me once, 'Ah Zik! When we were at school, we were cram full of Zik. We used to go down to his meetings with our school copy-books and write down his phrases – you know the way he speaks is very flowery.' The next generation of Nigerian schoolboys can leave their copy-books at home. As the second of their books by Nigeria's political leaders, Cambridge have now published an anthology of Zik's speeches, from his days as a high-school graduate in Virginia in 1927 to the end of 1959, when he brought his party into the coalition which now governs independent Nigeria.

In cold print, the flowers of oratory fade into rather hackneyed phrases, but mellifluous or partisan, the speeches are very much alive. Here is Zik the politician, withering the regionalism of the Action Group with his scorn, while he manoeuvres into an alliance with the far more traditional North; Zik the banker, raising the African Continental Bank to confound the British bank manager who politely snubbed him when he asked a loan; Zik the Ibo patriot, as aggressive in his tribal loyalties as any Yoruba when occasion demanded; Zik the champion of the Negro race; the keen patron of sports; the moral-rearmer; and Zik triumphantly realising his great enthusiasm of recent years – the University of Nigeria, as a challenge to the narrow British traditions of higher education.

The extracts from his speeches are arranged in 18 sections, topic by topic, and together they bring to life the breadth of interest, the charm and spirit of a man, who, as he says of himself, desired to be a statesman not a politician. They contain, besides, a lot of fact and comment which will be very valuable to historians of Nigerian nationalism.

PETER MARRIS

The Place of Hamlet

Shakespeare Survey 13. Edited by ALLARDYCE NICOLL. *Cambridge.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

An Approach to 'Hamlet'. By L. C. KNIGHTS. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the 20th century, Professor Knights tells us, '*Hamlet* has yielded to *King Lear* the distinction of being the play in which the age most finds itself'. Doubts about the actability of *Lear* have given place to assertions about its meaning. It is a sign of the times that the greater part of an annual volume of *Shakespeare Survey* can be given over to this one play. The concluding agony of the deaths of Lear and Cordelia, which much offended Dr Johnson, led to the long success of an acting version with a happy ending – Edgar and Cordelia are married and succeed to the throne. But in our darker age, which has a humbler estimate of man's metaphysical status in the universe, it is artistically acceptable to represent virtue as perishing in a just cause. Yet our age, too, has its softness, and has, since Bradley, introduced a bogus happy ending: Lear's last words have been interpreted as if he believed Cordelia to be still alive and died in ecstasy.

The essays in this volume of *Shakespeare Survey* do not succeed in explaining why *King Lear* has come to hold its peculiar position in the twentieth century. There is no

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Spiritual Disciplines

Edited by JOSEPH CAMPBELL

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general account and assessment of the criticism which has brought it about or expressed it. But Mr J. Stampfer in his opening essay on 'The Catharsis of *King Lear*' faces up to the metaphysical issue:

> Despite the pagan setting, the problem of theodicy, the justification of God's way with man, is invoked by so many characters, and with such concern, that it emerges as a key issue in the play.

Lear's penance, he explains, is archetypal, and in the brutality of his death the audience shares and releases the most constricting fear to which mankind is subject – 'the fear that we inhabit an imbecile universe'. The other essays do not quite maintain this subtle modern tone. Kenneth Muir on madness, both real and simulated, Winifred Nowottny on the poetic style of the play, and D. G. James on the influence of *King Lear* on Keats, are among the many good critical essays.

And how much has the character of Hamlet sunk in esteem, if we are to judge from Dr Knights! The sensitive Romantic hero, the Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form, is quite, quite down. Señor Salvador de Madariaga once explained to us that Hamlet was a typical Renaissance personality, Borgia-like, selfish, sensual, ambitious, and (whenever his interests were at stake) murderous. But it was still possible to retain a certain grudging admiration for that vigorous and brilliant Prince. Dr Knights is more derogatory. Hamlet is not a good man suffering; he is corrupted by the very corruption that he combats; he is one whose judgment has been vitiated by his association with evil. Consider (unless 'twere to consider too curiously, to consider so) his encounter with the Ghost, who 'is tempting Hamlet to gaze with fascinated horror at an abyss of evil'. Revenge is a bad thing. So Shakespeare must have shown that it was a bad thing in a play about revenge. 'I cannot believe', Dr Knights gravely tells us, 'that such a poet could temporarily waive his deepest ethical convictions for the sake of an exciting dramatic effect'.

That sort of remark pulls you up with a jolt and frees you from the charm of the sincerity and persuasiveness which has characterised all Dr Knight's Shakespeare criticism. He is writing more and more in the Victorian tradition of moralising interpretation. Like his own Brutus, 'he concentrates on a selection of the facts before him in the interests of an abstract view'. Undoubtedly this method has some interesting results. The figure of Shakespeare that emerges from Dr Knights's recent books is such a nice chap that one feels almost ashamed to say anything rude about him.

But this success is achieved because there is much in Shakespeare that Dr Knights either disregards or refrains from apprehending: the exciting theatrical environment for which, and in which, the plays were devised; the literary fervour which enabled Shakespeare to produce such a quantity of work in a writing-life of a mere 20 years; the experienced amorist revealed by the smut; the mental dizziness of the plays written in his late forties. Dr Knights, like the nineteenth-century Germans, discerns 'themes' and moral centres and unifying patterns; yet I feel that the vigour and vitality and variety of the work of art is often impoverished by his increasingly conceptual approach. He shows little interest in the twentieth-century scholarly work on Elizabethan artistic traditions and habits of thought and on the living society which Shakespeare knew and endured; and still less in the kind of communal artistic experience which is involved in the understanding of a play in the theatre. But there is no doubt that his grave concentration on a limited area of Shakespeare's sensibility has made him one of the widely read critics for nearly 30 years, and this short study of *Hamlet* will be received with due respect.

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NELSON

Americana

With a President who writes books and reads them in the White House, and liberal intellectuals on calling terms, egg-heads may have their revenge for the boobocratic years. What a tragedy the Eisenhower era never produced a Mencken to prick its vapid bubbles! But this, clearly, is a moment to start catching up on American reading again.

First choice, possibly, is John F. Kennedy's own book, *Profiles in Courage* (Hamish Hamilton, 21*s*.), which is a series of studies of Americans at decisive moments in their careers: readable, apart from the clues to the President's own *persona*. A book he ought to have read (and may have) is Laurin L. Henry's *Presidential Transitions* (Faber: Brookings Institution, 54*s*.) which is a ponderous, but for the specialist important, analysis of the way the machinery of government was taken over by Wilson from Taft, then by Harding from Wilson, Roosevelt from Hoover and Eisenhower from Truman. Professor Herman Finer, translated from the LSE to Chicago, proposes one way to ease the burden of the man in the White House in *The Presidency: Crisis and Regeneration* (Cambridge: Chicago, 40*s*.). He suggests a collective executive, not unlike the British Cabinet, but elected with the President on a single ticket.

A useful general introduction is Allen M. Potter's *American Government and Politics*, now in a paperback (Faber, 8*s*. 6*d*.), and among a great many overall histories *New Basic History of the United States* by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard (Macmillan, 30*s*.) is as good a starting point as any for the beginner.

Picture albums are a painless but not always satisfactory way to absorb popular history. Some produced in recent years in America have been superbly done, but three current issues are only moderately good. *The Splendid Little War* by Frank Freidel (Galley Press, 63*s*.) has fascinating pictures of the Spanish-American war which liberated Cuba in 1898, but the text is a conventional account of the campaign. J. G. E. Hopkins has edited the fifth volume in Scribner's *Album of American History* (84*s*.) which deals with the period 1917-1953 – once again, some good pictures, but stuffy presentation and poor captions. Peter Quennell and Alan Hodge, as editors of *History Today*, have done a useful job: now they present in *The Past We Share* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 63*s*.) a combined illustrated history of the British and American peoples, admirably printed, with a strong emphasis on the common 'cultural' heritage.

Books on battles pile up. This year we brace ourselves for the thundering drama of Civil War books: as a curtain-raiser we have Thomas J. Fleming's *Now We Are Enemies* (Gollancz, 25*s*.) which is a narrative of Bunker Hill. Two tried historical performers are Albert Jay Nock's *Jefferson* (10*s*. 6*d*.) and George E. Mowry's *Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Movement* (15*s*.), both old friends I am glad to see in paperbacks put out by Mark Paterson. The more recent and somewhat disreputable past is reported in detail by M. R. Werner and John Starr in *The Teapot Dome Scandal* (Cassell, 18*s*.), an account of the oil swindle in the Harding administration, and by Blair Bolles, in *Corruption in Washington* (Gollancz, 21*s*.), which is a superficial but revealing survey of the shadier side of American government. I have space here only to mention, but to commend strongly, Robert L. Heilbroner's *The Future as History* (Hamish Hamilton: Harper, 32*s*.), a serious social essay on the problems facing America that ought to be read as widely as Galbraith's *Affluent Society*. This, I hope, is one book that Mr Kennedy has found time to read.

Reprint department. An attractive collection of critical essays on *Writing in America* (Mark Paterson, 10*s*. 6*d*.) includes contributions from Kazin, Amis, Snow, MacLeish and Stanley Kunitz. Mayflower have put out Alan Lomax's *Mister Jelly Roll Morton* (10*s*.); the whole of the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy by James T. Farrell is now available in paperback (Muller, 5*s*.); and so are two recent best-sellers – Nelson Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm* (Ace, 3*s*. 6*d*.) and *The Ugly American* by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick (Corgi, 3*s*. 6*d*.).

Finally, four more old acquaintances. A reissue of Budd Schulberg's classic Hollywood novel *What Makes Sammy Run?* (Bodley Head, 15*s*.), and three paperbacks: Joseph Mitchell's stories from the *New Yorker* collected as *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon* (Mayflower, 10*s*.); and the two amusing books by Frank Gilbreth and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey: *Cheaper by the Dozen* and *Belles on their Toes* (Consul, 2*s*. 6*d*.).

Enough Americana of one kind or another to last until the echo of the Fort Sumter guns opens the centenary season in April.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

H.M. Fashion House

REYNER BANHAM

Mr Antony Armstrong-Jones's appointment at Haymarket House will not do much to counterbalance the fact that the Council of Industrial Design approves of rubbish. A study of suitcases carried out by the Consumer Advisory Council, and therefore carrying the authority of the British Standards Institution, turned up a sub-standard one that rated 'good' on *none* of the seven standard tests, was 'moderate' on two and 'poor' on five. It shipped enough water during the shower test for it to be poured out again afterwards, the handle came off, the fittings rusted, the lining came out, it had minimum resistance to wear and puncturing, and was singled out by *Shopper's Guide* (September 1960) for illustration as an example of the kind of ruin a bad suitcase could become. Nevertheless this case was included in the Council of Industrial Design's list of approved products, the Design Index, and when I checked on 20 January, four months after the test-results were published, it was still there.

Down at Haymarket House you hear them muttering 'We must weed out the Index', which shows that they know they have some lemons on the books, but apparently the intention does not lead to action. While this situation persists, the fact that the Design Index also lists the suitcase that did best in the tests will not be very reassuring; it simply shows that the Council is indiscriminate on questions of quality, and that there is at present no way of preventing good-looking rubbish from getting in.

Concern at this state of affairs does not run very deep – the present director has admitted in print that the Council has no facilities for quality-testing (*The Spectator*, 3 June 1960, is a fair example) and appears to rely on the X-ray eyes of his selection panel and the accumulated experience of his Industrial Officers, whose advice is often not sought unless a panel has found itself in two minds on aesthetic grounds.

It will be objected that quality-testing is not the Council's business, and that it was founded to raise the level of public taste. But tasteful rubbish is still rubbish, and lack of confidence in the Council's qualitative standards will undermine its influence with the public it is supposed to be improving. Unfortunately, the Design Index and the Design Centre are least reliable where the public most needs guidance – on products where you can't tell by looking. The disparity between CoID preferences and *Which?* or *Shopper's Guide* recommendations is grotesque on occasions, and one begins to understand why attendance at the Design Centre has apparently settled down at little more than in the first year it was open – in one year it even dropped. This devoted following of carefree aesthetes is, admittedly, large enough to make the Centre a useful advertising outlet to manufacturers who gladly pay rent to exhibit there. But don't imagine that the exhibits represent the fruits of a fearless search to find the best that Britain produces . . .

This tragically footling outcome for a body that set out with high hopes derives from two basic flaws in its conception. One is the belief that there is some kind of necessary relationship between the appearance of an object and its performance and quality. Unfortunately not. 'Form Follows Function' is a slogan, not a statement of fact. The other flaw is a legislative one, rather than a matter of aesthetic doctrine. Our lawgivers failed to equip the Council with any powers worth the name; gave it no control over the design policy of any government department or nationalised industry; nor the power to conduct research. They created a conscience without limbs, able to worry, but not to act, and like other impotent consciences it has festered.

That may sound a strong word, but the fact remains that the Council suffers from persecution mania ('You mustn't play into the hands of the conspiracy of Midland manufacturers'), a ponderous internal censorship, automatic assumptions of moral right to support ('After all, old man, we're all on the same side really') and the usual civil service neuroses. In Denis Bloodnok's immortal phrase, it must be hell in there.

It may be that 'improving public taste' is not a fit occupation for grown men anyhow – at any rate, not if 'taste' is interpreted in the narrow middle-class sense that the Council understands. In any case it is clear that the absence of a real task and real responsibilities has undermined the Council's corporate fibre, and is beginning to undermine its authority too.

Admittedly, the Council won an international award for design last year, the *Compasso d'Oro*. The reasons why, however, are not altogether complimentary. The CoID was a compromise candidate to resolve a political deadlock in the award jury, the award was made to the *idea* of a government body concerned with design (which is excellent) and the only knowledge most jurors had of the Council's operations was based on the one healthy and active arm of Council policy, the magazine *Design*. Although *Design* has to utter pious platitudes on the Council's behalf, and puff the winners of the annual design awards, more and more of its content is not aesthetic opinion, but information and factual analysis of design problems and methods – a policy initiated under its former editor and maintained by the present one in spite of pressure from above to make it 'controversial'

And there is a tremendous job to be done in the field of information and analysis. If the Council cannot be given real work to do on government design policy, then it could make a real contribution in this field by instigating or buying basic research, or simply by acting as an abstracting service. The activities of the two consumer-protection bodies have by no means cut it out of this kind of operation, since they are almost completely absorbed with quality-testing, and there still remains the vast and crucial – most crucial – area of functional appraisal and the establishment of functional standards.

Insofar as the profession of design knows anything about this field, usually lumped under some such title as 'human engineering' or 'ergonomics' – the study of man/equipment relationships – it is through *Design* magazine, but the magazine's sources of information in Britain are limited pretty effectively to a clique of narrow-minded Cambridge medicos who have the subject in their pockets. Narrow-minded? Try this for size: 'I don't doubt that sociology could be helpful, but only if it was done by doctors, not by sociologists,' as one of them said at a meeting at the ICA. Ergonomics is where good design begins – try the man/equipment relationships of some of the apparently well-designed chairs at the Furniture Exhibition – and it is too big a subject to be left in the hands of its present socially irresponsible masters. The Council of Industrial Design would have to be re-constituted, largely re-staffed and given a lot more money before it

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could tackle a subject of this size and importance. But its dicta would then be backed by verifiable fact and scientific method, not the collective fancies of bands of strolling aesthetes. Without some such reform the Council will rapidly decline into Her Majesty's Fashion House, and the Press gave them on Monday a rough sample of what that will be like.

The Sound of the Words

H. A. L. CRAIG

'A Great Bill' is how they describe Joe Erskine v. Henry Cooper at boxing; and 'a great bill' is what we have for our winter nights at the Arts. If anyone is unable to swallow Mortimer, Simpson and Pinter in a full draught, he may have them in capsule here, done as a selling package with the alchemical title, *Three*. The three are also interesting as mongrels, for two of them, the Mortimer and the Pinter, were conceived as radio plays.

Donald McWhinnie has produced Harold Pinter's *A Slight Ache* with the three actors doing what comes unnaturally: effacing themselves. They are sound waves made man. Emlyn Williams speaks his opening lines with a newspaper up in front of his face and that obduction sets the pace for the most standstill performing we have seen outside the Palace Guards. Except for a brief flurry of sexual body blows – Queensberry Rules – his wife (Alison Leggatt) is equally still; while the third of this rigid trio, a match-seller (Richard Briers), neither speaks, nor twists, nor lights a match, nor shows his face, nor offers a single projection for the length of the play. I sat a few yards from these actors for an hour, yet I would not have recognised one of them in the street ten minutes later. Mr McWhinnie almost rubbed them out. Yet Emlyn Williams can go his anonymous road home certain of an individual performance.

In many ways Mr McWhinnie's production of *A Slight Ache* is more interesting than his famous production of *The Caretaker*. It is more original. It puts before an audience in the theatre a radio play that was written in terms of no audience and sent out – Mr Pinter knew not where – after dark by a corporation. *A Slight Ache* has, in itself, no business with a theatre; but it is working wonderfully at the Arts. It is indeed a bird in the hand.

But many of our recent playwrights were hatched in the radio set. Alun Owen, Robert Bolt, John Mortimer, Jeremy Sandford have come directly from sound radio. Rhys Adrian may one day 'take' the theatre like Mr Pinter. John Arden, Brendan Behan (whose house-party farce is now foolishly neglected by the BBC), Ionesco and Adamov have each cavorted on the English air. In what seemed to be its crepuscular years, the Fifties, radio prompted and entertained most of the writers of our present theatre. Yet the most interesting fact in the radio-theatre relationship is Samuel Beckett's refusal to permit *All That Fall* – the one work of stopping genius in the whole run of radio – to be given a theatre performance.

Mr Beckett is recognising a concentration in the radio art – as he practises it – that does not exist in the larger art of the theatre. In radio, every word or creak is significant because there is no distraction from them. On stage, when an actor is speaking, it may be his foot that is doing the talking; on radio, if the writer wants the foot to talk he must contort like a little man in the Book of Kells. He succeeds, of course, because the English language is capable of everything, visualisation being the easiest part; but when the words are seen doing it and an actor is seen doing it, the loss is to the words. Mr Beckett is a poet. He will protect his words. And protection is Mr McWhinnie's concern at the Arts; he is preserving the high specialisation of the language of *A Slight Ache* by his control of the acting. Yeats wanted to put actors in barrels for verse speaking. Emlyn Williams is too good to need a hoop, he contains himself.

But, while every word is significant, no word is permanent on radio; allowing nothing to be thrown away, it throws everything away. Its language is as weak in longevity as conversation. The theatre, with its ability to personify, with its skill at planting, makes words more memorable. 'I am Duchess of Malfi still' could go out 40 times a year on radio and no one would remember it, because it is a living line and immediately engages in a death-struggle with the next living line, 'That makes thy sleeps so broken.' Only words embalmed in some catch phrase, 'Give him the money, Barney,' survive the ten-second passage from ear to ear that is the littleness of radio. But when this featherbraining is transferred to the stage and the words do acquire memory, then only the best can survive scrutiny.

Lunch Hour by John Mortimer (the first of *Three* at the Arts) is desquamated, gutted and got over with very quickly. Its idea – a frustrated sex encounter at lunch time between a typist and the number two in the textile buying department – is a clever one; its playing, Emlyn Williams's despair and Wendy Craig's innocence, is nearly perfect. In the train-load of young men now coming into the theatre, the superb Miss Craig is one of very few young actresses fit to travel first-class in their company. But even she could not make *Lunch Hour* less than painful in its clumsy shifts of identity: there is a vulgar weevil somewhere at its core (the cheap laughs at 'Indian Gentlemen', for instance). The girl's taking on of her cover story – as the man's invented long-distance wife – probably worked smoothly on the Third last summer; radio is an easy changing-room and even an indifferent actress can inflect herself several ways. But on the stage *Lunch Hour* defied the best Miss Craig could do. It remained a clever idea for a play. The words do not touch the physical tensions so solidly put before us.

Mr Pinter, on the other hand, is a writer of curious imagination, who always uses words precisely. What he puts down is right wherever it is heard. The fascination of *A Slight Ache*, and indeed of most of Mr Pinter's other work, is its relation with its audience. This play ends with a collapse on stage and a worried audience watching it. But each member of the audience is worried in his own way; Mr Pinter is not just writing for a conventional theatre response.

A play – we are constantly reminding ourselves – is a conspiracy between the stage and the auditorium; the force of gravity that determines a play's weight resides in the rows of round white blotters the actor sees across the footlights: to write a play without an audience is like cooking a meal without having someone to eat it. But the radio is so out of touch that the dramatist cannot even imagine his audience. Are they, like Antony, standing or sitting, or, like Dr Crippen, displacing the floor boards? Radio's promise of a million listeners is the merest statistic; the real figure is found, mathematically, by crossing off the noughts. You are left with one. What seems the most public of forms is without doubt the most private. The responses are single, the realisation is lonely. Radio's theatre is the listener's mind.

Mr Pinter's plays are uncommon in the theatre because their meaning is referable to the audience. In themselves, the plays conclude nothing, though they start much; they seem to be alive with hares. Our experience is perhaps comparable to a child's experience in reading about Blind Pew in *Treasure Island*. Blind Pew comes in the dark, tapping, menacing the child alone with the book. In the same way, Mr Pinter is *getting at* the mind in its isolation. The mysterious hares and the flashing bog-lights that might set all afire, are the perfect images of the wireless set. In making them valid in the theatre Mr Pinter has extended the theatrical experience. He is not writing to an audience, but to each member of it.

The Form by N. F. Simpson is very funny for ten minutes but does not last the half-hour. The calm absurdity, the non sequitur, the logic that has no middle, Mr Simpson's marvellous sailing in a sieve, needs more definition than he gives it here – a slight matter of inconclusion among office workers. When a work of art can go on forever, it travels only a short distance. But there is no doubting Mr Simpson's art or the originality of his joking. *The Form* gave Richard Briers a chance to show himself, a superb player and timer of non-sense.

Though the 'Great Bill' is uneven in quality

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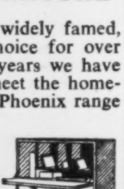

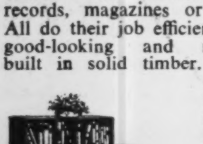

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- Mr Pinter so tops it – *Three* is an excellent idea of theatre, and a bouquet for the Arts. I hope it lives long in London.

We're just not practical (Stratford E) is Marvin Kane's gifthorse to Joan Littlewood. In a minute she's standing on its back like a spangled girl at the circus and putting it through steps Mr Kane never thought of. The story – a coy matter of love-birds in a hot-water flat – is at the level of a Hollywood domestic comedy. A major character is a grunting boiler; there is lots of fun with foreigners. But do we expect seaside-postcard wit about foreigners at this radical theatre? The players enjoy themselves. Brian Murphy and Barbara Ferris, the love-birds, flutter delightfully; but Roy Kinnear holds this show. Miss Littlewood shows she is better at light farce than those whose profession it is. What then sang Brendan's ghost, what then?

The Book of Kells

BRYAN ROBERTSON

Impeccably installed by Alan Irvine with the simplicity of true style, the exhibition of treasures from Trinity College, Dublin, at Burlington House, has as its centre piece the great Book of Kells. But there is not a dull moment in the rest of the show. The exhibits are backed up by splendid photographic enlargements of Irish landscape, architecture and details of illuminated manuscripts which are in themselves a revelation. Everything is admirably explained and transmitted in terms that inquisitive but uninformed visitors always need – and appreciate. And in the last room, flanked by guards, under glass, spotlit and in unique juxtaposition with the earlier Lindisfarne Bible, is the Book of Kells, out of Ireland for the first time in history. Its presence in this urbane context, despite the proximity of much else of comparable antiquity – The Book of Durrow or the Book of Dimma, for example – is literally and precisely fantastic: like coming across a full-dress Aztec ceremony in the middle of Cumberland.

For the Book of Kells is essentially inexplicable: one of the supreme adventures of the human spirit and full of those reassuring contradictions which always characterise work made at such a pitch of excitement. Scholarship has helped to disperse some of the mists, notably the devoted and imaginative research of Mme Françoise Henry, but in the last resort the Book of Kells remains a mystery and a paradox.

It consists of the Four Gospels, written in Latin, and in London we have only St Matthew, the most richly decorated of the four books. They were compiled by the Columban monks at the monastery of Kells and date from the late eighth to the early ninth century. In each volume are a number of pages decorated all over, but the entire text is spasmodically embellished by ornament sometimes reminiscent in structure of early Celtic metalwork and Scythian sculpture and often suggesting unexpected Oriental influences. Phoenician and other Eastern cultures affected Celtic decoration of the early Christian period before the Roman invasion, and Irish artists were influenced more by manuscripts from Syria and Egypt than by Greek versions of the Gospels.

The decorations consist of circular, trumpet, shell- or scroll-like motifs. Spiralling, convoluted extravagancies of line trap and enclose men, animals, birds, reptiles, flowers and domestic incidents. Sometimes this baroque profusion stiffens up and becomes angular and square-set, more like Byzantine art and even touching on the fierce formality of ancient Mexican art. To offset this, countless minor decorations flood the pages with inventions of a pastoral charm: gentle, domesticated and flowing images drawn half from life and half from imagination. The colour is strong: purples, reds, yellow, blue and green. The quality and nature of the decoration changes a great deal throughout the book, but extreme delicacy of pen and brush is a common factor. Aesthetic and technical training for these monks must have been similar to the experience of Chinese artists.

Although the work is by many hands, it is not truly a communal work of art. Some of the finest pages are so obviously on a higher plane of imagination and accomplishment than others. Widely varying styles are at work. The artists shared a faith but little else save a generally unifying adherence to Coptic models. Private quirks of imagination and personal notes of observation continually offset any notion of an all-embracing ritual art. These reflect the other double-edged vision which informs the work, a vision half given over to metaphysical speculation and half entranced by the physical world. For at this time, nature was no longer a dark chasm of hostile forces but instead grew sweeter as the creation of God, to be cherished and praised. But, as an imaginative stimulant in and among this new nature poetry, the memory of wizards and sorcerers still lingered. The artists of that time saw transmutations and metamorphoses in all things, living or inanimate.

The Book of Kells was made as a great treasure and remains one. It is full of paradox, confusion and muddle – decorations sometimes flare up for no formal or textural reason: either for sheer *joie de vivre*, like bursting into an operatic aria in the middle of a mild speech, or because a phrase had to be finished on the line above, which provided an excuse for another outbreak of ornament to mark the break and hold the eye. These decorations are themselves half secular and half compounded of original variations on ecclesiastical iconography of the time: communal in terms of physical undertaking and yet wildly individualistic in actual execution. Ultimately the Book transcends all the rules and all the centuries and must remain a mystery. Knowledge cannot touch it, only our hearts and eyes. Although other pages are systematically on view, between 30 January and 5 February there is the chance to see the famous Chi Rho page, which introduces the genealogy of Christ. A first sight of this stupendous visual fanfare is one of the great experiences in art.

Inferno

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

One film so overweighs and outstays the rest that it must have pride of place, despite the fact that few people may have the chance of seeing it. This is the immense *No Greater Love* – immense in more ways than one – the Japanese film I mentioned last week. Running 3 hours 22 minutes, it is the first of a trilogy about militarism in Manchuria; and it is at least giant pamphleteering, a use of the screen hardly known to us since the Russian heyday, to which it owes some inspiration. In fact, it comes at a moment when bigger and bigger screens lend themselves to more and more trivial purposes, and establishes its own bigness of will and vision. Needless to say, our anomalous censorship, which can always recognise seriousness and do its best to scotch it, sees the occasion here for hacking out 35 minutes or so: hence the restricted showing to Gala clubs. The final performance at the Continentale will be next Monday.

Masaki Kobayashi, whose previous films seem to have been westernised and socially critical, has probed the biggest Japanese sore: that legacy of cruelty that has come down from the degeneration of the *samurai*. The ascetic knight schooled to his own self-disembowelling has given rise to a mob of tyrants who will inflict any torture and degradation on others. Kobayashi catches

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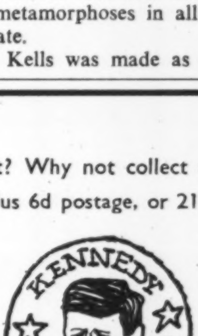

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

NEW MALDEN
Public Library, Kingston Road. January 30th at 8 p.m.
FILM SHOW:
BATTLE IN SPACE
DEADLY THE HARVEST
Speaker:
TED HILLEY

NOTTINGHAM
Co-operative Education Centre, Broad Street
February 3rd at 7.30 p.m.
JUDITH HART, MP
JAMES CAMERON

C.N.D., 2 Carthusian Street, EC1
Telephone: CLErkenwell 5146

them in 1943: war in Manchuria and the Pacific, and every man needed to cash in on Hitler. His hero, in order to marry, gets a 'reserved occupation', but the way of a liberal in Japan wasn't as easy as in those hideouts in Whitehall and Wales. The brilliant report gets him the job on the spot. He's sent to Manchuria to increase production in the ore mines. This, as he quickly discovers, is a post in hell. Barren landscape, drought, starvation, bullying of a captive people: nothing must stand in the way of increased production.

It is the picture of this hell, and of our man-of-good-will floundering through it, that occupies the screen so large and long. It is quite relentless, monotonously so, since monotony is in the slopes, the sky. But it has its appalling upheavals. A trainload of prisoners arrives, tumbling out, stampeding like cattle, to be driven into an electric-wired encampment. Now they are all under the eye of the Kempeitai (military police), two doll-like monsters who come over the hill in motorbike and sidecar when there are escapes. Our hero, fighting every inch of the way, does his best. Rations are made a bit better; the 30 whores float through the gates in the dusk, an odd bacchic rout, to offer 'incentive'.

But in the end all these endeavours leave a fault. More escapes bring a scene of execution which he has to attend: in terror and compassion, and almost in cinematic intensity, this rivals the trampling of the peons in *Que Viva Mexico.* He tries to interfere, is himself tortured, and unexpectedly released, only to find that his call-up papers have come through. So it ends, the first part of his pilgrimage, with war to follow, the vision of descent into torment that will pursue us as remorselessly as conscience itself.

THE
LIQUEUR
YOU
PREFER
TO BE
OFFERED
Drambuie
DRAMBUIE
Next time take the liqueur that everyone is drinking. The ancient recipe for Drambuie includes old Scotch whisky, heather honey and delicate herbs.

Otherwise the cinema has brought us this week *The Great Impostor* (New Victoria), an attempt to draw slickness out of that queer life story of one Demara, published here last year. He started a dozen careers, from that of monk to surgeon in the Canadian Royal Navy, prison reformer to Dean of Philosophy. Some of these roles he had a genius for; but since he had literally forged his way in, he was always winkled out. Unfortunately, with Tony Curtis in the dominant part, we get very little of the force and panache of this extraordinary character, who I believe is still very much at large. Bits of the film are funny, others melodramatic, others again straight and unconvincing; and the charm of big-boy Curtis takes another slide down the easy slope.

Gramophone Records

DAVID DREW

There is a whole field of virtuoso orchestral music outside the Austro-German tradition which calls for a rather special kind of conductor. Monteux and Ansermet are the monarchs of that region, but in recent years Antal Dorati has also acquired considerable stature therein. His recordings with the Minneapolis Orchestra are always worthy of attention, and his trilogy of early Stravinsky ballets has now been completed with an admirable *Rite of Spring* (MMA 11118). With more relaxed music Dorati sometimes tends to drive things too hard, and this happens in the Intermezzo interrotto of his version of Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra (now newly issued by Mercury on MMA 11082). But for the most part this is a fine performance, and it has the virtue of being coupled with Bartok's surprisingly neglected Hungarian Sketches.

Ansermet himself has just done an excellent version of the Mussorgsky-Ravel *Pictures at an Exhibition* (Decca LXT 5565), which is 'filled up', rather oddly, by Liszt's tone-poem *The Huns* (*Hunnenschlacht*) – an interesting but not very substantial piece which is roughly contemporary with the *Faust* Symphony. Ansermet's most important new recording is the ambitious Decca coupling of Stravinsky's two mature Symphonies (LXT 5592). The performance of the mighty Symphony in Three Movements is remarkably good. Ansermet (who, in his writings, displays a distinctly ambiguous and confused attitude towards late Stravinsky) seems to have been stimulated by the technical problems of this Symphony into solving the musical ones: even from Stravinsky himself I have not heard so convincing and musicianly an interpretation of the mysterious section preceding the recapitulation in the first movement. Unfortunately, the less obviously formidable Symphony in C proves too much for Ansermet. It is hard to believe that he has felt any positive response to this most positive work. The tempo he chooses for the start of the slow movement (*pace* Stravinsky's metronome mark) leads one to expect calamity at the Doppio movimento, but what actually happens is worse than anything one might expect.

The Stravinsky record of the year is undoubtedly the superb Philips coupling of *Threni* and *Agon* (ABL 3329), conducted by the composer. Stravinsky's own recordings may have incidental flaws, and certainly will not be treasured in the high-fidelity courts, but as documents they are one of the outstanding justifications of the gramophone as a medium. Heaven forbid that conductors should 'learn' what they must do, from these recordings; but at least audiences can learn to distinguish between sense and nonsense, and refuse to tolerate conductors who make nonsense, not music, in the concert hall. The way Stravinsky the conductor explains the staggering hypotheses (especially texturally) of Stravinsky the composer, in *Agon*, is truly exemplary. The 'Los Angeles Festival Symphony Orchestra' which plays here is presumably drawn from the film studio orchestras; as one might expect, the standard of individual playing is very high. I like especially the virile playing of the first violin. Congratulations, too, to the soloists in *Agon*, particularly the basso profondo. The work requires some perseverence on the part of the listener. Do not be deterred by the alleged dryness of the vocal canons in the 'Querimonia' section; observe rather their progressive flowering into the broad expressiveness of the final duplex canon.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,614 **Set by Lucifer**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation in Hell on the question of the possible exclusion of the Devil from the revised Catechism. Limit 100 words. Entries by 7 February.

Result of No. 1,611 **Set by Buzfuz**

Viscount Hailsham's family Christmas card is said to have contained a 'Song for a Minister of Science', beginning:

Sing a song of particles
Infinitely small,
Tissue cultured specimens,
From off your stomach wall . . .

Competitors are asked to compose a similar song for any current Ministerial appointment. Limit 12 lines.

Report

Discontented teachers haranguing the Education Minister:

Sing a song of waffle,
Of colleges to be —
Then come and teach in our school—
Without a WC.

P. W. R. Foot

– homilies to the Minister of Transport about roads and safety, and Wolfenden waggery directed at the Home Secretary, constituted the major part of the entry. But the rest were distributed over a pretty wide field – including a very non-existent Minister of Peace.

Stephen Sedley's song for the Minister of Housing started:

Sing a song of prices
Infinitely high
(Landlords have to live, though
People wonder why)

and ended

It's simply Tory freedom, chaps:
If that works, why should we?

G. P. Allen addressed the Commonwealth Relations Secretary on the subject of his former department, Aviation:

Sing a song of Blue Streak,
A rocket full of 'pi',

Six and ninety millions
Not up in the sky . . .

On the whole there was plenty of entertainment without any outstanding excellence. I suggest that the prizes be divided equally between H. A. C. Evans, Allan M. Laing, A. M. Robertson, J. E. Cherry, and Gloria Prince. Runners-up were Doris Pulsford, R. Kennard Davis, A. D. Bennett-Jones, Admirer, Jo Peters, Dorothy Morley, and Edward J. Jones.

MINISTER OF POWER

Sing a song of voltages,
Amps and watts and ohms,
Vital electricity
In factories and homes;

Power-houses everywhere,
Rivers damned to hell,
Pylons, cables, dynamos,
Splendid personnel;

But tell me, Mister Minister,
Is there any news
That soon there'll be obtainable
A well-constructed fuse?

H. A. C. EVANS

TORY CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

When I first took this heavy job on,
I said as I counted the cash:
'No pale-red reptilians
Shall get near my millions
To pay for their traitorous trash.
If there's boodle about and to spare,
I shall see that our friends get their share;
And in case of recession,
I shall use my discretion
To cushion the millionaire —
A plan I decided upon
When I first took this heavy job on.'

ALLAN M. LAING

HOME SECRETARY

Sing a song of Wolfenden
(Though the Bishops frowned):
50,000 prostitutes
Driven underground.
At the Party Conference
Another sort ot clash:
With rows of Tory Termagants
Howling for the lash.
To have to cope with womenfolk
Seems a trifle tough:
Some with too much chastity,
And some with not enough!

A. M. ROBERTSON

MINISTER OF DEFENCE

Old King Wat, he rued his lot,
Yes, rued his lot did he;
He bemoaned his fate in Storey's Gate,
And called for his henchmen three.
Now ev'ry henchman had a sordid song,
A sordid song had he.
We've had no ships since Stafford Cripps
Was the dirge of the Adm'ralty.
We've nowt that shoots and no recruits
Was the chant of the Queen's Armee.
And all our skie is filled with pie
Sang the man on Air, sang he.

J. E. CHERRY

MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES

Sing a song of cuttlefish
Tangled in a tree;
Cattle dead and yellowish;
All because of me.
Apples falling in a flood;
Horses in a fleet;
Fishermen in Surrey mud
Trawling for the wheat.
Picture rather sinister:
Not what you could wish?
Why then send a Minister
Of War to Ag and Fish?

GLORIA PRINCE

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

I have recently given up keeping chickens and I find that it is rather like being relieved, after many years, of a slight but chronic tooth-ache. It is hard to keep chickens without having the creatures constantly on your mind. The difficulty, for example, of reconciling old to new stock entails a surprising amount of skill, tact, diplomacy and hard physical work. It is possible to become attached to almost all farm animals: cows are amiable beasts, each has her endearing idiosyncracy, and cowmen and dairymaids seem to accept the hardships of bovine service, the early rising in all weathers, the mud and muck outside, the scientific hygiene within, without resentment.

The horse is hardly a farm animal nowadays, but where he lingers he is loved. Pigs are adored and respected, and no wonder, for they are full of character and very clever: I doubt whether the sow immortalised by Gilbert White, which, 'when she had occasion to converse with a boar', used to make her way to a neighbouring farm, opening a number of gates to get there, was outstanding. But it is difficult to like or respect hens: they are demanding, quarrelsome, secretive and ill-natured. I know of only one poultry farmer who claims to love her flock. She gives her principal breeding birds affectionate names, indeed, but on the other hand, having pointed out some pretty young bird and admired it with a tender glance, she will pounce on it, scoop it up, wring its neck, and present

Gross Assets Exceed £2,000,000

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ADDRESS ....
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it to you for dinner without batting an eyelid.

And because her victim is only a chicken, member of an unamiable race, one watches this frightfulness almost unmoved, and later eats *petit poussin* with good appetite.

But I would not have given up keeping our small flock of laying pullets, with half a dozen young cockerels for the table, had we not, in our new parish, found a 'free-range' poultry farmer whose birds have a large field to forage in and are fed on maize and wheat. I am aware that, our population and economy being what they are, most people must be fed on industrially processed foods, in which category battery and deep-litter eggs, and 'broiler' birds must be included. But once you have long eaten the eggy eggs of free-ranging hens you find the pale and neutral product of advanced poultry farming disgustingly insipid.

For all I know these eggs may nourish the body as well as the ones with taste and colour. I do doubt, though, whether they and similarly meagre foods are as digestible, since it seems digestion is a psychosomatic process, and that really appetising food is more readily assimilated than food *tout court*. In this connection there is a claim which advertising men might make if their modesty does not forbid it: granted the necessity for the mass ingestion of industrially processed foods, which to the pampered palate of the rare countryman still unurbanised are rather nasty; and granted that for good digestion the gastric juices should be stimulated and the palate delighted, it is desirable that we be persuaded that the stuff we are eating is delicious.

Now the advertising men do so persuade those of us who are unable to know better: they provoke our imaginations to restore those flavours which advanced husbandry and subsequent processing have destroyed. It may become necessary to help them by forbidding the production of good plain foodstuffs, for until the palate has become atrophied, which may take several generations, there is always the danger that some straying citizen will eat a free-range egg or a loaf of wholemeal, baked bread instead of steamed filler. The power to make comparisons may have to be withdrawn from us.

Science, as well as advertising, has a part to play here. Expensive research is now being carried out with a view to restoring the colour of egg yolk in battery-laid eggs. Admirable: first you take it out, then forget how it got there, and invent a much more difficult way of putting it back again. This is splendid so long as it be borne in mind that what the scientists are doing is just what the admen have been doing for some time, for the restored egg-yolk colour will have precisely the same function as the glowing colour plates of *Yumcrunch* (Copyright Evelyn Waugh) printed at fabulous expense in the glossy mags. It will be a persuader, this pigment, put there to make us think that what we are eating tastes of egg.

But if the animal husbandry scientists engaged in this work suppose themselves to be doing any more than that, any more than the purveyors of margarine in Wisconsin who include a little packet of colouring matter with the white fat which the law of their State confine them to marketing, then it might be as well to remind them of a war-time joke: Goering was depicted introducing a scientist to Hitler with the words: 'This man claims he can make butter from milk.'

THE MIDLAND reports progress in 1960

The one hundred and twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting of the Bank will be held on February 17th at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.2. The following are extracts from the Statement issued to Shareholders by the Chairman, The Right Hon. The Viscount Monckton of Brenchley, P.C., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.C., Q.C.

At the outset of 1960 the banking system was in a process of rapid expansion; now, it is operating under enforced restraint.

The check to expansion was felt in the course of bank advances. During 1959, "advances and other accounts" as shown in our monthly statements rose continuously, in all by nearly £150 m.; in 1960 they rose by less than £120 m., nearly all the increase having been recorded in the first seven months of the year.

Our Personal Loans scheme, in the two years following its introduction, provided assistance on a quarter-of-a-million accounts, showing an average amount borrowed of just over £150. Similarly, our new arrangements for term-loans to farmers have made most encouraging progress, thus adding to the remarkable growth in our business with farmers in recent years. Our term-loans for small businesses were inaugurated in November 1959, when, as it happened, only a few months of unrestricted lending remained; but already the facilities have been utilized by a number of small business undertakings, borrowing on the average £3-£4,000.

THE GROWTH OF BUSINESS

It is gratifying to record a further substantial increase in the range and volume of our business. The numbers of current accounts and of ordinary deposit accounts have again increased and the Personal Cheque service, a facility which our Bank alone provides, has again introduced many new customers. We believe there is a big future for this service, and the scope for its development will be enlarged if wages come to be paid more commonly by transfers into bank accounts and by cheque.

The number of cheques drawn upon our Bank has remained on a strong upward trend, so that on average we deal with well over a million cheques a day. Even more striking is the fact that cash passing over our counters averages £16 m. a day.

We are at last able to record substantial progress in matching our branch premises to the growing needs of our customers and the standard of accommodation required for our staff. Since 1956 we have opened more than 150 new offices, 44 of them during 1960, while others are in preparation.

Much has been done, through recruitment and in other ways, to ease the burdens on the staff and to improve conditions of service. For several years until 1957 the number of people employed in the Bank and the Trustee Company was rising at an annual average rate of about two per cent., but last year an increase by no less than ten per cent. was recorded.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

City Lights

TAURUS

Only the motor industry, working at under 60 per cent of capacity, has failed to insult Mr Maudling on his gift-horse: household appliances would rather have lower HP deposits, furniture would prefer the legalisation of 'add-to' agreements, radio and TV want a smaller purchase tax. Everyone, their bluff now called, admits that their troubles are due more to over-optimism than to HP restrictions and that the HP finance houses, themselves badly scorched by a brief contact with free enterprise in action, will now attempt to enforce restrictions of their own. The heyday of official HP restrictions, in fact, seems to be over: ineffective while the level of HP credit was low, they have become only too effective now that it has risen to the point where a few consumer industries depend largely on its further rise for their prosperity. Top people have quietly and unanimously agreed to accept the Radcliffe recommendation that HP restrictions should be reserved for a crisis, Mr Maudling has suggested that the new position will be held 'for a good time to come', and the official laying-down of minimum terms is now likely to fall under the commercial rather than the economic aspect of the Board of Trade. But if HP is out as a day-to-day economic control, the alternative has yet to be promulgated. If it is being saved for the Budget – a payroll or turnover tax, perhaps – there will be the usual danger of a conflict between the demands of the Exchequer and the requirements of the economy.

The government, even more uncertain than the outlook, put off its token relaxation of HP restrictions until it was certain that there would be no excitement. It was foolish, therefore, to make its announcement on the day that news came of a further, expected cut in the German bank rate. The markets, glad to believe that policy was reversing itself, began at once to anticipate another early cut in our own bank rate, and the Treasury bill rate fell sharply to 4.18 per cent the next day. Grandma, anxious to discourage impetuousness, immediately rapped the discount houses on the knuckles. She would be quite happy, no doubt, unless circumstances change, to bring the bank rate down from 5 per cent to the 4½ per cent which nowadays seems to her neither high nor low; but she likes to take her own time about things, and she is caught in the old difficulty, that where she is likely to go next seems more important than where she is now.

* * *

If it were not for Mr Maudling's latest pronouncement, that a more consistent and rapid rate of growth must now be the first objective of economic policy, one would have to put down the bank chairmen as more progressive than the government. They take more care than Mr Maudling, in their annual speeches, to insert the saving clause about sterling, but they seem quite sold on the idea that only more rapid economic growth can solve the payments problem (though whether they are as ready as Mr Maudling and the FBI to accept the idea of government/industry economic planning is another question); they grumble about special deposits, Lord Cobbold's brainchild, and they reasonably suggest that other financial institutions should

AGRICULTURE 1961

Extracts from the Annual Address by Mr. Harold Woolley C.B.E., the President of the National Farmers Union, delivered on 23rd January, 1961 at the Central Hall, Westminster

Mr. Harold Woolley C.B.E.

Few who live by the land will have been sorry to see the end of 1960. The heavy and continuous autumn rains have left much of our land waterlogged and we face difficult problems in spring cultivations and sowings. Many thousands of acres of potatoes and sugar beet could not be lifted and losses would have been far greater were it not for the tenacity and ingenuity of farmers and farm workers in saving many crops under appalling conditions.

Foot-and-mouth disease has been prevalent, causing heavy financial loss involving compensation which may well amount to over £2 million this year. Fowl pest has also been rampant and compensation will amount to nearly £4 million.

On the brighter side of this problem of animal health, 1960 has seen the completion of a campaign to eradicate bovine tuberculosis from the herds of this country. We have discussed with the Government the means whereby the fight against animal disease can be carried further forward and we welcome the decision to make a major attack upon swine fever and contagious abortion.

There are many hazards in the business of agriculture but the general picture for the year has been one of real achievement. Steady progress within the industry is reflected in the continuing upward trend in crop yields. Cereal yields, although slightly below the record 1959 levels, were above the five year average. Sugar beet so far as crop grown is concerned is an all-time record; the potato crop has been exceedingly difficult to harvest in many areas but total production should enable us to meet domestic requirements.

We produced some 10% more milk in the U.K. during 1960 than in the previous year, and the cost of milk to the consumer today in terms of real purchasing power is approximately half what it was pre-war. I do not think there are many commodities in this country of which the same could be said.

While more beef has been produced this year, the trend of calf rearings suggests that the momentum of expansion is slowing down. The sheep flock has increased. In pigs, the downward trend in numbers seems to have been arrested and there is now evidence of a recovery. The relatively new industry of broiler production has continued to expand. More home-produced turkeys were also to be seen on our tables.

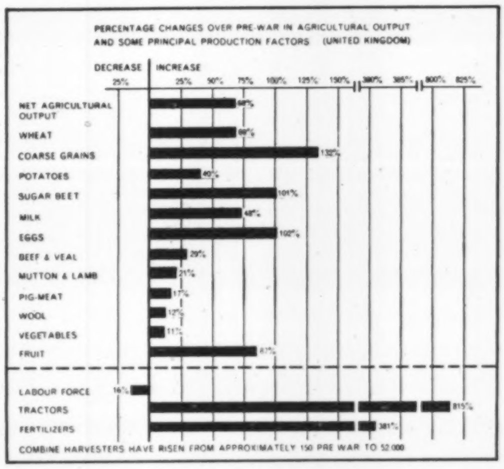
In consequence largely of the sharp fall in producers' receipts in 1959-60, fewer laying birds were kept this year and egg production fell.

On balance, 1960 was a very difficult season for horticultural production.

Though the output of some products fell, the production picture as a whole is one of a continuing increase in our own farmers' contribution to the country's total food needs.

MARKETING

As production increases so does the need for effective marketing become a matter of increasing urgency. During the year the National Farmers Union established its own Marketing Development Department. As a result of marketing studies which had been initiated earlier, reports were produced on herbage seeds and tomatoes, whilst a report on meat marketing is nearing completion. We have also submitted to the Government our proposals for new and better pig grading standards designed to take into account more fully the commercial value of the carcass.



Our established Marketing Boards have continued to operate successfully and the position is that statutory Producer Boards today are concerned with some 41% of the total output of British agriculture.

In this coming year I envisage that the initiation and promotion of further commercial development is going to be one of the main spheres of activity within the Union.

POLICY

During 1960 we have carried out a major review of agricultural policy with the Agricultural Departments of Government arising from the position which was reached after the last Annual Review.

The results of those discussions were published in a White Paper setting out, in broad terms, Government policy for the industry. It is a positive declaration of Government attitude and its firm belief in the value of a thriving agricultural industry in this country.

Your representatives have accepted, quite definitely, the challenge to the industry to do all that is practicable through its own energies and technical progress in both production and marketing spheres. At the same time the Government have made it quite clear that they stand firmly behind the objectives of the Agriculture Act, 1947.

INTERNATIONAL

The international scene has been dominated during this past year by events in Europe and the rapid development of the European Economic Community as an effective political and economic organisation.

What has seemed evident to us is that the circumstances of this country, both in the economic relationship with the other Commonwealth countries through our mutual obligations under the Ottawa Agreements and the political importance of this free association within the Commonwealth, would in themselves make it unrealistic to envisage Britain being absorbed into the European Economic Community on the terms on which it is now operating under the Treaty of Rome. This would, in effect, mean operating a common external tariff against all outside countries, including those of the Commonwealth, and granting preferential terms to the countries within the Common Market.

Food prices would rise substantially, with the consequent social effect which would bear heavily upon the lower and fixed income sections of our population, and this would also be reflected in the increased costs of the manufactured goods upon which the export trade of this country depends.

EDUCATION AND TRAINING

During the year we held a National Conference on Agricultural Education at which the principal speaker was Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Education. He announced his plan for giving agriculture the same standard of educational facilities as other industries already enjoy and invited the co-operation of our industry in the introduction of day release classes.

In this report I have only been able to touch on some of the numerous tasks and facets of the industry which centre upon the National Farmers Union. We owe a great debt to the pioneers of our organisation. It is now our duty to go forward into meeting the challenge of the future.

I believe that we go forward in good heart.

COMPANY MEETING

WESTMINSTER BANK

VERY CONSIDERABLE ACHIEVEMENT

The Annual General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held on 15 February in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement by the chairman, The Rt Hon Lord Aldenham, for the year ended 31 December, 1960:–

This year Westminster Bank will celebrate the 125th anniversary of its opening. The past twenty-five years have seen bigger and more rapid changes than any other comparable period of the Bank's history. At the end of 1935 the total of our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts amounted to £323 million and our Advances and Other Accounts to £115 million. At the conclusion of the year that has just passed these figures had risen to £1,009 million and £459 million respectively. Even allowing for inflation, these figures represent very considerable achievement.

During the year under review we added over 100,000 new Current Accounts. We have been amongst the leaders of progress in mechanised banking and are now on the threshold of far-reaching electronic developments.

The year 1960 was a very good one so far as the domestic affairs of our Bank were concerned, and we have been able to show a profit of £3,412,832, an increase of £906,731 over the 1959 figure. This has enabled us to raise the dividend on our "B" shares from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 8d. per share.

To meet our commitments to our customers and the call for Special Deposits by the Bank of England we have had to sell some of our investments and turn down many applications for new or increased advances. Even so, the ratio of our liquid assets to deposits has been severely squeezed.

The increase in crime, and especially of robbery with violence, causes very great concern to the Bank since it affects not only our property but also, and more importantly, the lives and welfare of our Staff. Security measures are constantly being reviewed and new methods adopted; about these measures we can, for obvious reasons, say nothing.

In many ways the past year has been in marked contrast to 1959. The country's balance-of-payments figures have become disquieting; and signs of renewed inflation have begun to appear. In these circumstances, there is no doubt that credit restriction was necessary; but it is surely contrary both to justice and efficiency that, in spite of many recommendations, no way should yet have been devised for including other financial institutions in the restrictions that have been applied to the Banks.

Special Deposits

Arrangements were made in 1958 whereby the Bank of England could call for Special Deposits from the Clearing Banks and the Scottish Banks as a weapon to control the ability of those banks to increase their advances to customers. At the time these arrangements were made they were said to be available pending the report of the Radcliffe Committee; but although that Committee reported strongly against calls for Special Deposits from the Clearing Banks unless accompanied by general restrictions on all classes of leaders, yet calls of 2% of total deposits in the Clearing Banks were made during 1960, and that 2%, together with 1% from the Scottish Banks, amounting in total to £150 million, continues to be held by the Bank of England.

At the same time opinion seems to be tending towards regarding a 30% liquidity ratio as a minimum; which further restrains our ability to lend, by compelling us to keep a higher ratio throughout the year than prudent banking requires, in order to maintain the minimum during the early months of each year, when the taxation drain on our customers reduces our deposits. Moreover, a fixed minimum liquidity ratio defeats the whole object of liquidity since those assets can then never be used to meet unexpected calls on banks' cash. A plan which required an average liquidity ratio over the year would be much more acceptable.

The worsening of our balance-of-payments was largely due to the failure of our exports to grow, whilst our imports did grow greatly. It is disappointing that we have not retained our share of exports: we do not seem to have been determined enough in selling abroad.

Much attention has been given during the year to the steady increase in our gold and dollar reserves: but in view of our failure to earn a surplus abroad, the increased reserves can be accounted for only by the large inflow of West European and American capital, some of it for permanent investment here, but much of it a quite temporary movement of money to take advantage of the high rates of interest prevailing in London. In spite of the adverse balance-of-payments, the inflow of money has kept sterling strong throughout the year.

During 1959 we made a large additional subscription in gold to the International Monetary Fund, and there is no reason why we should not make readier use of this our second line of reserve by drawing on our increased quotas in the I.M.F., in order to tide us over temporary strains.

Since April the buoyancy has gone out of the figures of national production and, since there have been a greater number of people in employment, this means that productivity has stopped rising. Our official unemployment figures have improved: but they disguise quite a lot of short-time working, especially in the motor industry.

Outlook for 1961

The general outlook for 1961 is uncertain. Apart from the many clouds on the political horizon, our economic prospects, like those of the rest of the free world, will remain unsettled until there are signs that the new Administration is managing to pull the United States out of their present recession. If the expected recovery takes place over there during the next few months, then world trade should prosper and also give us fresh opportunities to improve our exports.

The balance-of-payments is the key to our economic problem. Unless it can be improved by increasing exports, we shall have to reduce our imports, with the result that there will have to be contraction rather than expansion at home. A failure to increase exports will also mean that we are unable to play our part in helping the under-developed countries, with a consequent loss of political and economic influence.

Despite our problems, we are still enjoying a high degree of prosperity: but it seems likely that 1961 will prove a difficult and therefore a challenging year for us all.

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come in for their fair share of official interference; and they all have their pet ideas. Lloyds wants more tax on consumption, however regressive, and possibly a payroll tax. The Midland, taking over the broad international sweep from Lloyds, wants the IMF turned into an international central bank. The Westminster is worried about the removal of dollar import restrictions. Williams Deacon's is bold enough to mention the case for temporary import restrictions as an alternative to restrictions on output. And so on. The left must seem to be in bad trouble when even bank chairman dare publicly to wear its trousers.

★ ★ ★

The Cunard subsidy rouses feelings among shipbuilders as well as shipowners: passenger liner work is at its lowest since the war (Union-Castle is not placing its £20m order for two new liners until the £30m Cunard order is settled) and the competition is bound to be fierce. John Brown, of Clydebank, has tradition on its side, which may and perhaps should be a handicap. The other contenders are Cammell Laird, of Birkenhead; Vickers and Swan Hunter, of the Tyne, sinking rivalry in the attempt to gain a joint contract; and Harland & Wolff, of Belfast. The excitement of the contest can be gathered from the fact that Lord Aberconway, the chairman of John Brown, used the launching of a new liner last week as an opportunity for declaring that the Clyde was determined to get the contract: after a few observations about promptness in delivery dates, he recalled a long-forgotten occasion on which Harland & Wolff bit off more than it could chew and had to sub-contract the building of the *Windsor Castle* to John Brown. Whatever one thinks about the financing of the new Queen, there seems little doubt that the tenders will be competitive.

Company News

The *ISHRA* sale of steel company prior charges has now been arranged for the end of February: the bulk of the £85m has been underwritten, hence the delay, and calls will be well spread out. Wall Street is firm, and the demand for gold has been temporarily quashed: the London premium on dollar stocks has re-emerged, thanks partly to re-investment of Ford takeover money in US Ford: the supply of security dollars has shrunk badly, and a sustained rise on Wall Street would not only cause hot money to move out but might induce the Treasury to sell some of its own dollar investments for the sake of keeping the London premium at a decent level.

Turner & Newall, an expanding asbestos giant which already has a mild interest in plastics, is making a £19m bid, on generous terms, for *British Industrial Plastics*. The property group which has gained control of *Gorringes* and which is mainly interested in redeveloping the site has passed the store business to *R. H. O. Hills*, a department store firm.

The directors of the Associated Fisheries, who have a sizeable share in the business, are not recommending the *Ross Group* bid. Mr Delfont's bid for *Piccadilly Theatres* has been just outmatched by one from another impresario – Mr Albery, who is responsible for *Suzy Wong, Fings, Oliver!* etc. A mutual insurance company is taking an interest in and financing Gil Lyons' *Span Group*, and the directors of the *Manchester Royal Exchange* are attempting to fight off Cotton-Clore.

The Chess Board

No. 585. Short Cut to Perfection

Why the never failing appeal of brevities? Is it simply because we like to play over a game so short that we don't have to bother setting up the pieces? Or is it the thrill of seeing the drama of crime and punishment played out in awesome urgency? Surely there must be the 'crime' of a spectacular blunder if the punishment is achieved in a mere 19 moves? Not at all. There may well be – such as in Stoltz-Sämisch, 1932 – the perfectly sound strategic conception of a gambit-player, still a pawn down, seeking a Queen-swop to exploit the opponent's weakened pawn-position.

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) P-KB4, PxP; 3) Kt-KB3, P-KKt4; 4) P-KR4, P-Kt5; 5) Kt-K5, Kt-KB3; 6) P-Q4, P-Q3; 7) Kt-Q3, KtxP; 8) BxP, Q-K2; 9) Q-K2, B-Kt2; 10) P-B3, P-KR4?; 11) Kt-Q2!, KtxKt; 12) KxKt, QxQ ch; 13) BxQ, B-B4; 14) KR-KB1, Kt-Q2; 15) Kt-Kt4, Kt-B3; 16) B-Kt5 ch, B-Q2; 17) QR-K1 ch, K-Q1 [. . . K-B1 refuted by 18) BxB, KtxB; 19) Kt-Q5, etc.]; 18) B-Kt5, BxB; 19) RxKt!, resigns.

I took this from *Modern Chess Miniatures*, compiled by Barden & Heidenfeld (*Routledge & Kegan Paul*, 21*s*.); a most welcome successor to du Mont's two volumes. The authors have copiously and lucidly annotated 210 games, none over 25, many under 20 moves. Their excellent selection, mostly from recent sources, disproves the popular assumption that modern grandmaster practice lends itself to positionally plodding marathons rather than a sharp and spectacular clash of ideas. There are brevities galore when firebrands such as Bronstein, Keres, Tal feel like making the sparks fly. Here's a 'skittle' won by our new world champion four years ago. He took a mere minute or two for those 20 moves.

1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; 3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; 4) P-K4, P-Q3; 5) P-B3, 0-0; 6) B-K3, P-K4; 7) KKt-K2, P-B3; 8) Q-Kt3, PxP; 9) KtxP, P-Q4; 10) BPxP, PxP; 11) PxP, Kt-B3 [Incorrect. He should have played . . . R-K1 first]; 12) PxKt, R-K1; 13) K-B2? [He could have punished Tal's inaccuracy by 13) 0-0-0, RxB; 14) Kt-B2, etc.], RxB!; 14) R-Q1 [To take the R would invite a mate in 8, starting with . . . B-R3 ch], Kt-Kt5 ch; 15) PxKt, BxKt; 16) RxB, QxR; 17) Q-Q5, R-K7 ch!!; 18) KxR, BxP ch; 19) K-K1, R-K1 ch; 20) B-K2, RxB ch!; 21) Resigns.

I commiserate with the authors moaning about the wealth of fine material they had to discard, but they have a remedy: they should follow up with a companion volume right away. Meanwhile, here is one of their own favourites in the present collection: Reti-Grau, 1927. Again one of the few 'old' games among so much more recent vintage; and again remarkable for subtlety rather than *panache*.

1) P-QB4, P-QB4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; 3) P-Q4, P-Q4; 4) BPxP, PxP; 5) QxP, QxP; 6) Kt-B3, QxQ; 7) KtxQ, P-QR3; 8) P-KKt3, P-K4; 9) Kt-Kt3!, Kt-B3? (B-Q2!); 10) B-Kt2, B-Q2; 11) 0-0, B-K2; 12) B-Kt5, 0-0; 13) KR-Q1, KR-Q1; 14) BxKKt, PxB; 15) Kt-Q5, QR-Kt1 (practically forced); 16) Kt-B5!, K-B1; 17) KtxBP!, resigns.

Finally, a pretty game won by Heidenfeld when quite a youngster in 1929.

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3) B-B4, B-B4; 4) 0-0, Kt-B3; 5) P-Q4, BxP; 6) KtxB, KtxKt; 7) P-B4, Kt-B3?; 8) BxP ch! [Heidenfeld reminds us that this is 1863 vintage, Mackenzie-Boden], K-B1; 9) PxP, QKtxP; 10) B-Kt3, P-Q3; 11) B-Kt5, B-Kt5?; 12) Q-Q2, K-K2; 13) Q-B4, R-KB1; 14) P-KR3, B-Q2; 15) Kt-B3, P-B3; 16) QR-Q1!, P-KR3; 17) RxP!, Q-Kt3 ch; 18) K-R1, KxR; and how now White forced a mate in 4, might serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins, both very pretty and not too difficult either.

Usual prizes. Entries by 6 February.

B: Paul Heuäcker 1957: /7b/7r/2p5/p6p/8/4R2p/R7/5k1K/.

C: S. Isenegger 1959: /4B2K/16/r6p/6kb/8/5PPR/8/.

REPORT on No. 582 Set 7 January

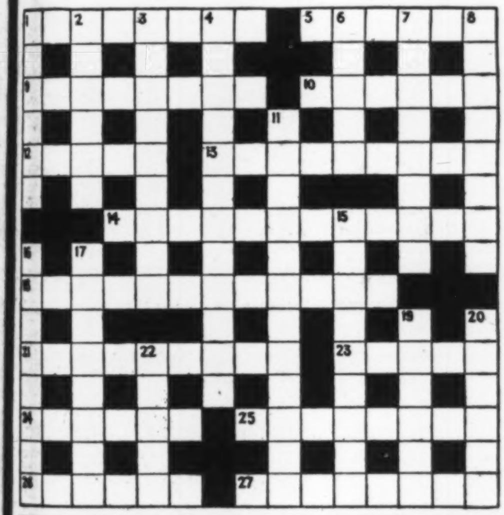
A: 1) . . . RxB; 2) RxR, RxR; 3) KxR, QxP ch!! etc.
B: 1) Kt-B6, KxKt; 2) B-B6, K-Q4; 3) P-Q3!, P-R7; 4) P-B4 ch, K-B4; 5) K-Kt7!! etc.
C: 1) Kt-Q5, PxKP; 2) P-Kt3, Q-Q1; 3) R-Kt6 ch, K-Q2; 4) R-Kt8, Q-R4; 5) R-QR8! etc. Or 2) . . . Q-R1; 3) R-Kt8, followed by R-Kt6 ch, etc.

Not too easy. Prizes: J. W. Atkinson, K. Beaumont, J. W. Ecelson, B. Silver, A. J. Sobey. 47 ladder-decade: (1) C. Allen (787 points); (2) G. Abrahams (752); (3) H. Garfath (740); (4) C. Sandberg (734). They all go back to scratch.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 442

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 442, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1, by first post 31 January.



ACROSS

1. The powers appear in faint brightness (8).
5. Spells of writing after holiday places (6).
9. As pretty as a wall covering (8).
10. Institution useless if silent (6).
12. One can make do with this excuse for a sexual impulse (5).
13. Possible step I omit as an abbreviator (9).
14. Picture conveying a false impression about a girl's return (12).
18. The police in Caen changing before the match unintentionally (12).
21. Strangely civil defence counsel winds up (9).
23. Including nonsense we produced a book (5).
24. The female shows that males are without a means of producing children (6).
25. Bow ties for artists (8).
26. Shoot back and obtain some gold (6).
27. Transposed colour without line (8).

DOWN

1. Ascending role as official (6).
2. It is used at table for a game with relations (6).
3. Dropped in as I worked round this journal (9).
4. Part of a pantomime heard in equal confusion (12).
6. 'Drew iron tears down ——'s cheek' (Milton) (5).
7. Precise remedy (8).
8. Interval starting when no periods are up (8).
11. Give the meaning wrongly as 'the moisture flowed over the rock' (12).
15. Payment which is small included in the surplus without capital (9).
16. The custodian goes pale about the rearranged match (8).
17. Looking for a second with a 19th century premier (8).
19. The five of us occur in books (6).
20. Tantalised with half a drink (6).
22. Town for a lord (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 440

S	H	E	A	F	■	E	M	B	A	R	K	I	N	G
E	■	M	■	L	■	A	■	L	■	E	■	R	■	O
P	A	P	U	A	■	R	O	U	N	D	H	E	A	D
T	■	I	■	M	■	N	■	S	■	U	■	N	■	O
E	A	R	W	I	G	■	T	H	I	C	K	E	S	T
M	■	I	■	N	■	B	■	I	■	E	■	■	■	■
B	A	C	K	G	R	O	U	N	D	■	W	E	A	R
E	■	A	■	O	■	O	■	G	■	A	■	P	■	E
R	O	L	L	■	S	T	A	L	A	G	M	I	T	E
■	■	■	■	M	■	L	■	Y	■	E	■	L	■	D
C	O	T	T	A	G	E	S	■	A	N	N	A	L	S
A	■	O	■	R	■	G	■	I	■	C	■	T	■	T
D	O	W	N	R	I	G	H	T	■	I	N	I	G	O
E	■	E	■	A	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	P
T	E	L	E	M	A	R	K	S	■	S	A	N	D	S

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FURN. sgle rm, newly converted. Girl only. Share kit. 1 other. £3. PUT. 5131.

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The University invites applications for appointment to the position of Lecturer in the School of Economics at Kensington.

Salary: £A1,759 range £A2,464 per annum. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants must possess a degree with honours or possess equivalent qualifications.

Applicants are sought with special qualifications and experience in the field of economic history and/or history of economic thought.

Subject to passing a medical examination, the appointee will be eligible to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund.

First-class ship fare to Sydney of the appointee and his family will be paid.

Four copies of applications, including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56-57 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded to the Appointments Section, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, NSW, by airmail to reach there before 10 March 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Modern History. The salary will be within the range £800-£950 per annum, according to age, qualifications and experience.

Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than Monday, 13 February 1961, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars of the conditions of appointment may be obtained. Ref: CV/NS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
Brotherton Library

Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Librarian. The Salary scale is £1,750 x £75 – £2,125 and the initial salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. A good honours degree and administrative experience in a library are essential. Professional diplomas would be additional qualifications. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 13 Feb. 1961.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited from graduates with suitable qualifications for the post of ASSISTANT TO THE CAREERS ADVISER AND STUDENT WELFARE OFFICER. The salary will be on the scale £800 x £50 to £1,200 per annum. FSSU benefits and family allowances.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received by 18 February 1961.

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Reply, giving age, qualifications and experience to Box 289.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

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Life is never dull in a great international relief organisation. The Hungarian crisis, Agadir, and now the starving people of the Congo – all these are added to our normal programme of aid to victims of hunger, war, persecution and disaster in more than 40 countries. The work of each of these posts will be fascinating for suitably qualified people with a real interest in the aims of the Charity.

(1) SCHOOLS SECRETARY to take charge of a new department dealing with schools and universities correspondence in co-operation with the national organiser. The indispensable requirement for this post is a sympathetic and intelligent approach to children and young people. Ability to type own letters essential, shorthand an advantage.

(2) PERSONAL SECRETARY to the Secretary of the Committee, dealing with money raising, office organisation and staff, and committee work. The post calls for normal secretarial qualifications and the capacity to work on own responsibility.

(3) SECRETARY AND ASSISTANT to the Appeals Officer. Secretarial work concerns publicity and advertising. Individual initiative essential for dealing with a wide variety of correspondence with groups arranging local drives, collections, concerts etc. Experience of voluntary activities for charity would be a great asset.

All the above posts are permanent appointments in Oxford carrying salaries which are adequate but not luxurious. In addition, there is a staff pension fund, and a non-contributory life assurance scheme after a qualifying period.

Applics in writing, should be sent to:

The Secretary,
Oxford Committee for Famine Relief,
PO Box 11, 17 Broad Street, OXFORD.

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Two Assistant Mistresses required for the capital of the Maldive Islands, to teach English and General Subjects to children aged 5-11, and to develop Maldivian Primary School education with a view to forming new English school from existing Primary Schools. Candidates should be qualified teachers, with relevant experience. Salary: Burnham Scale (London Rate). Oversea Allowance. Installation grant. Free medical attention. Employer's portion UK Superannuation paid. Terminal grant at rate of £250 p.a. Two-year contract with the Commonwealth Relations Office. The Maldivian Government will provide free furnished accommodation (the two teachers sharing new bungalow) and certain other services.

Write, quoting O.2 NS(61) and enclosing stamped, addressed envelope to Director, Recruitment Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1, for further particulars and application form, to be returned by 27 February 1961.

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The Prison Welfare Service presents a new challenge to social workers. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the post of Prison Welfare Officer at HM Prison, Exeter. Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification desirable. Commencing salary, as for Probation Service, £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025. Further details and application forms (returnable by 3 February 1961) from: General Secretary, NADPAS,
66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

City of Nottingham Education Committee

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Senior Lecturers in Education (2);
Senior Lecturers in Science (2);
Senior Lecturers in Mathematics (2);
Senior Lecturer in Music;
Senior Lecturer in English;
Lecturers in Education, Science, Physical Education (Women), Geography, History, English.

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Those lecturing in Science should between them offer Physics, Chemistry and Biology. The College has a special combined course for intending specialist teachers of Science. It also has a special advanced course in Music.

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Salaries in accordance with Pelham Scales. Further particulars and forms of application (to be returned within two weeks of this advertisement) from The Principal, Training College for Teachers, Clifton, Nottingham.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Wishmore Cross School, London Road, Camberley.

Applications are invited from Assistant Masters/Mistresses for appointment at this residential school for maladjusted boys of secondary school age which the Education Committee propose to open Summer term, 1961, with up to 30 pupils. Preference will be given to resident teachers but non-resident teachers will be considered.

The appointment of a Deputy Head will be made in due course, and, in addition, consideration given to the award of a graded post.

Salary: Burnham Scale plus two additional increments for work in a special school and payment of £216 p.a. for 15 hours non-teaching duty per week during term time. A charge of £135 p.a. is made for full board and lodging for each resident teacher.

There may be an opportunity for wives of resident teachers to apply for appointment (Teaching or non-teaching) at the school.

Application form (returnable as soon as possible) on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

DERBYSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Conference and Sports Centre

Applications are invited for the post of Principal of a new residential conference and sports centre at Lea Green, near Matlock, Derbyshire. The Centre will provide training courses and conferences for the youth service and specialised coaching in games and athletics. Salary on Burnham Scale Group IV Headship (i.e. within the range £875-£1,550 according to experience and qualifications).

Applicants' wives may also be considered for the post of Housekeeper. Salary within the scale £620-£740. Further details and a form of application may be obtained from the undersigned.

J. L. LONGLAND,
Director of Education,
County Offices, Matlock.

AMERICA

The Principal, Overseas Staff Agency (Licensed Herts County Council), Rickmansworth, is available to discuss fully, secretarial or child care posts in the US, prior to her annual visit. Excellent opportunities, air fares advanced. All employers known or personally recommended.

PART-time secretary, 15 hrs weekly, variable school holidays. University research & medical. Intell. work. Box 330.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications invited for positions of CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS from men and women suitably qualified and with field experience of work with deprived children and their families, including married women formerly engaged in related social work and now seeking re-employment. In addition a panel is being formed of persons, particularly married women, who may in future be employed on a part-time basis. Possession of HO Certificate in Child Care or Certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. A considerable amount of travelling is involved. Salary within scale £740-£1,060, according to qualifications and experience (proportionately for part-time staff according to hours worked each week). For full-time officers there are good opportunities for promotion to positions carrying salary scale £940-£1,300.

Forms & details from Children's Officer (E.1/S/7/1a), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Wishmore Cross School, London Road, Camberley

Applications are invited for the following posts at this school which the Education Commitee propose to open at the beginning of the Summer term 1961, for up to 30 maladjusted boys of secondary school age.

MATRON/HOUSEKEEPER

Duties include general responsibility for the health and welfare of the pupils and for the school housekeeping arrangements, under the overall direction of the Headmaster.

Salary: £505 x £25 – £630 p.a. plus board and lodging valued at £120 p.a. and payment of £30 p.a. if possessing recognised child care certificate.

*ASSISTANT MATRONS

Persons appointed will be required to work under the general direction of the Matron/Housekeeper and to assist with the supervision of the pupils.

Salary: £475 x £25 – £600 p.a. less a charge of £120 p.a. for board and lodging. Additional payment of £30 p.a. if possessing recognised child care certificate.

*(Consideration may be given to the appointment of House Fathers for these posts)

Application form (returnable as soon as possible) and further particulars in respect of the above posts obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE
YOUTH SERVICE

Surbiton – Hook Youth Club

Applications are invited from qualified Men and Women for the post of Full-time Club Leader of the above Open Mixed Youth Club. The Club meets in its own premises and caters primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age.

Salary: for Teachers and those with qualifications approved by the Committee, in accordance with the appropriate Burnham Scale, i.e. £520 x £27 10s. – £1,000 p.a. plus London Weighting. For other Leaders the normal maximum of the salary scale will be £905 p.a. plus London Weighting.

Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope (3d.) from the Chief Education Officer, Kingston-upon-Thames, within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
Child Care Officer

Applications invited for appointment of Child Care Officer, salary according to qualifications and experience within the scale £665-£975. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the Child Care field. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford, by 9 February.

COUNTY OF LEICESTER
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for post of CHILD CARE OFFICER, to undertake cross-section of work in one area of the County. Salary on scale £665-£975, starting point by arrangement. Child Care Certificate or similar qualification preferred. Driving licence essential, or willing to learn. Apply by letter (no forms) giving details of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Children's Officer, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester. Closing date 7 Feb. 1961.

CITY OF BRADFORD CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications invited for posts of Child Care Officers (female) at a salary within the range £665-975 p.a. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. The duties embrace all aspects of child care work and applicants should hold a recognised qualification. Further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 18 Little Horton Lane, Bradford 5.

HENRY PATTEN, Town Clerk.

SPRINGFIELD Hospital, Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, SW17. Psychiatric Social Worker, one of four, required. The Hospital serves a wide area covering parts of Middlesex and London and possession of a car would be an advantage. Full-time secretarial assistance and excellent office accommodation. Applications giving age, experience and names of two referees to the Group Secretary, immediately.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE

Appointment of Art Master

This appointment is part-time (18 hours per week) and commences on 24 April. Starting salary £1,000 p.a. The Art Master is required to give specialist teaching in drawing and a course of lectures on the History of Art, or a course allied to his own sphere of specialisation. Closing date for applications, 1 March. Full particulars from The Secretary, The Architectural Association, 36 Bedford Square, London, WC1.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the appointment of Adoptions Officer. The person appointed to be based at County Hall, Taunton, and to be responsible for investigating applications from prospective adopters, placing babies for adoption and other matters connected with a Local Authority's functions under the Adoption Acts. Salary to be in accordance with APT Grade III (£960-£1,140). Ability to drive a car is essential and a car can be provided.

Letters of application giving age, qualifications, experience, present and previous appointments, together with the names and addresses of three referees to be sent as soon as possible to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for two vacancies of Child Care Officer. Successful candidates will be appointed to one of the Area Offices in the County and these are situated at Taunton, Yeovil, Weston-super-Mare and Midsomer Norton (near Bath). Salary dependent upon qualifications and experience on appropriate point on the Special Scale. Applicants holding the Home Office Child Care Certificate will commence at not less than £820 per annum. Ability to drive a car is essential and a car can be provided.

Letters of application giving age, qualifications, experience and previous appointments, together with the names and addresses of three referees to be sent as soon as possible to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

ESSEX

BRAYS GROVE YOUTH CENTRE, TRACYES ROAD, HARLOW

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this Centre, which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects and recreational activities for over 300 members. Candidates should possess a degree, teaching certificate or certificate in social studies or youth leadership and must have had experience in youth work.

Salary scale in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scale for Youth Wardens, viz., £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum plus additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report conditions. Housing accommodation may be available for successful applicant.

Details and application forms from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 12 February 1961.

ESSEX

STANFORD-LE-HOPE YOUTH CENTRE

Applications are invited for the post of WARDEN of this Centre which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects and recreational activities for over 600 members.

Candidates should hold a degree, teaching Certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership and must have had experience in Youth work and/or teaching. Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scale for Wardens of Youth Centres, viz., £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions.

Further details and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 12 February 1961.

DANILO Dolci Committee requires Admin. Assistant (London) with Shorthand/typing. Details from Sec., 29 Great James St, WC1. CHA. 3228.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

RYE HILL YOUTH CLUB

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

There will be a vacancy for a full-time paid LEADER at the above Mixed Youth Club, which is a voluntary Club assisted by the LEA, in consequence of the resignation of the present Leader which will take effect on 31 March 1961. The Management Committee wish to receive applications from qualified men applicants, preferably with experience. The appointment will date from 1 April 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary will be on the scale £475 x £25 - £900, the starting salary being determined according to the age, qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Arrangements will be made for superannuation under the Teachers' Superannuation Acts. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications containing full details of qualifications and experience should be sent by 15 February 1961, c/o Department of Education, King's College, 13 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle upon Tyne 1.

J. P. TUCK
Professor of Education
Chairman, Management Committee

INTERVIEWING THE PUBLIC

Are you interested in becoming an Interviewer? Then why not work for a really progressive firm using the most modern and interesting methods?

We are looking for women with a good standard of education, aged between 25 and 45, who have three or more days a week to spare.

We would also like to hear from women who feel that their educational background and personality give them the special qualities which are required for depth interviewing.

Replies to Box 258.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. The University invites applications for the following new posts: In the Faculty of Arts: Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in English; Lecturers in Education (2), English, History and Psychology (2). In the Faculty of Architecture: Senior Lecturers (2). In the Faculty of Economics: Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Commerce; Lecturer in Economics. In the Faculty of Engineering: Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Civil Engineering; Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering. In the Faculty of Medicine: Readers in Child Health and in Endocrinology; Senior Lecturer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. In the Faculty of Science: Reader in Mathematics (Applied Mathematics); Senior Lecturer in Mathematics (Mathematical Statistics); Lecturers in Biochemistry, Geology, and Physical or Inorganic Chemistry. At the Waite Agricultural Research Institute: Senior Lecturer in Electron Microscopy; Lecturer in Virus Chemistry; Lecturer in Species Studies in the Department of Agronomy. Salary scales: Reader £A2,950 – 70 – 3,230; Senior Lecturer £A,2,450 – 90 – 2,900; Lecturer £A1,675 – 95 – 2,340; with superannuation on the FSSU basis. The initial salary may be fixed within the appropriate scale in accordance with the successful candidate's qualifications and experience. Further information: (a) The Calendar of the University may be consulted in the Library of any University which is a member of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth or at the office of the Association. Inside the covers are plans of the University buildings and site and of the Waite Agricultural Research Institute at Glen Osmond (four miles from the University). (b) A potential candidate for any post sould also seek from the Registrar of the University or from the Secretary, AUBC, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, the following documents: (i) General Conditions of Appointment, which include particulars of tenure, superannuation, removal expenses, invalidity and study leave; (ii) a statement giving further particulars of each post and of such matters as help in housing, conference grants and special support for research. (c) The University will gladly supply any further information desired on request to the Registrar. Applications, in duplicate, should give the information listed in the final paragraph of the General Conditions of Appointment. For the two posts in the Faculty of Economics applications will close on 31 March 1961; for all other posts applications should reach the Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 28 February 1961.

UNITED Kingdom Technical Assistance. Applications are invited for the post of Expert in Housing at the School of Planning and Architecture, New Delhi, India. Applicant should be a suitably qualified Architect or Town Planner with experience in training at post graduate level and of research into housing problems generally. Age 35 to 50 years. Duration two years initially. Salary: £2,600-£3,600 per annum according to qualifications and experience, plus generous tax free allowances. For further information and applic form, write to Ministry of Labour (E.9), 26-28 King St, London, SW1, quoting E.9/TCS/IND/895.

MARRIED Woman, interested in Social Work, required as Warden of a small Shelter Home for girls in High Wycombe. Write for details to: Secy, The Central Aid Society, 11 Temple End, High Wycombe.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh, Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in Medical Statistics. The successful applicant, who need not be a graduate in Medicine, will be expected to take part in the establishment of a Statistics Unit for the Faculty of Medicine, although based in the Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Salary scale £2,050 x £100 to £2,425 per annum, with placement according to qualifications and experience, and with superannuation benefit and family allowance where applicable. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications (six copies), giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than 1 April 1961. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the full-time post of Assistant in the Research Section of the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. The person appointed will be expected to take part in a study of community health services. Experience in the health services of local authorities would be an advantage. The vacancy is in either Grade II (which carries the status of Assistant Lecturer) or Grade III. The salary scales are as follows: Grade II – £800 to £950 per annum; Grade III – £675 to £725 per annum. Applications should be sent not later than 14 February 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University College of Sierra Leone (Fourah Bay College). Applications are invited for the post of Personal Secretary in Bursar's Office. Salary on scale £636 x 30 – 696; £786 x 30 – 846; £882 p.a. plus 10% contract addition with placing according to qualifications and experience. Passages on appointment, leave and normal termination. Gratuity in lieu of pension. Overseas allowance and part-furnished accommodation at reasonable rent where appropriate. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 20 February 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE Scientific Civil Service needs men and women for pensionable posts as (a) Senior Scientific Officers and (b) Scientific Officers in all major scientific fields, including Physics, Engineering, Chemistry, Meteorology, Mathematics and Biological subjects. Some particular vacancies include Physicists/Electrical Engineers for research in the application of servo-control for machine tools, Physical Chemists, Chemists for research in high polymers, post at Army Operational Research Group for scientists in most disciplines, Mineralogist to work on Meteorites (Petrologist with sound knowledge of Physics preferred), and Zoologist to specialise in the taxonomy of the Porifera. Qualifications: normally a degree, or a Diploma in Technology, with first or second class honours in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally, for (a), at least 3 years' relevant post-graduate experience. Normal age limits: (a) between 26 and 32, (b) between 21 and 29, with extension for regular Forces service and Overseas Civil Service. Selection by interview. London salaries (a) £1,382-£1,704, (b) £759-£1,258, provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S/53/61 (b) S/52/61.

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, NW5. Principal: Saunders Harris, B.Com., FCIS, FIS. The Governing Body invite applications for the post of additional tutor (man or woman) to the course for Child Care Officers in Training, now in its first year. The appointment will provide work of an interesting and pioneering nature. Applicants should have appropriate qualifications and a wide experience in social work, including case-work, and in supervising staff; teaching experience is desirable. Some preference will be given to applicants who have worked in a Children's Department. The Course leads in two years to a certificate in Child Care recognised by the Central Training Council in Child Care (Home Office). Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Technical) Scale for Lecturers, i.e. £1,370 + £35 to £1,510 + £40 to £1,550 + London Allowance. The successful candidate will be required to take up the post on 1 August 1961. For further particulars and form of application apply to the Clerk to the Governors at the above address. Applications must be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

MATRON required for the Samuel Lewis Convalescent Home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex. (80 adults). Qualified nurse with experience of control of staff and administration essential. Apply in writing with full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, (H.4), Jewish Board of Guardians, 74A Charlotte St, Lond., W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

THE United Nations Association invites applications for Meetings' Secretary to the Council for Education in World Citizenship. The work includes obtaining suitable speakers on international affairs for meetings in schools, and the organisation of conferences for school children. Candidates should have a knowledge of international affairs and be able to type own correspondence. Public speaking experience and a knowledge of committee procedure would be an advantage. Salary: £430 per annum rising by annual increments of £25 to £530. Starting salary according to qualifications. Application form, to be returned not later than 10 February, from the Secretary, CEWC, 25 Charles Street, London, W1. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CHILD Care – Reception Centre. Two housemothers required to take charge of groups of children (with other child care assistance) at Earlsfield House, Swaffield Road, SW18, a reception centre for 51 boys and girls admitted for observation and assessment of their problems. Interesting but demanding work. Previous residential experience essential, either in reception centre or with older boys and girls. Comfortable quarters and congenial atmosphere. Adequate cooking and domestic assistance. Up to £595 less £138 for board etc. 4 weeks' leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/S/112/1), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

CHILD Care. Resident Housemother required for holiday relief duties at six family homes at Ifield, Crawley, Sussex, each for 7 children deprived of normal home life. Previous residential experience essential. Excellent single accommodation in separate staff house. Adequate domestic help. Up to £595 less £138 for board, lodging and laundry. 4 weeks' leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/N/113/1), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

TECHNICIAN or Junior Technician required for the Human Cytogenetics Group of the Paediatric Research Unit, Guy's Hospital Medical School, to assist with studies of human chromosomes. Previous experience in Cytology or Cytogenetics not essential, but some experience in either Bacteriology, Virology or microphotography would be an advantage. Salary on scale according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications (two copies) should be sent to the Secretary, Paediatric Research Unit, Guy's Hospital Medical School, London Bridge, SE1.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead. Active retired nurse also considered. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Please apply to the Matron, Otto Schiff House, 14 Netherhall Gardens, NW3.

FAMILY Service Units require experienced caseworker to take charge of a Unit in London. Person appointed would be responsible for administration of Unit, supervision of caseworkers, student training and small caseload. Adequate clerical help. Salary on scale £725/35/1,145. Write to Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

CHILDREN'S Convalescent Home, Devon. Torquay District wants SRN as housemother & husband as maintenance man. Love of children and cheerful disposition essential. Details to Markus, Hapstead, Buckfastleigh.

WARDEN required for Hillfields Park Community Association, Bristol. Salary on scale APT Grade 1. Particulars and application form from L. W. Morse, Hon. Sec., 67 Marshfield Rd, Fishponds, Bristol.

REQUIRED immediately Assistant Youth Leader for open Mixed Club Marylebone. 3 nights weekly. References essential. Write Sec., 38 Cumberland Mansions, W1.

AS a result of the retirement of the present Matron the Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at its Bournemouth Holiday Home. Excellent accommodation. Contributory staff pension scheme. Persons with nursing experience should apply to The Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

MATRON for School for Maladjusted Children in Hampshire required in February. Charge of domestic side and clothing, practical ability and easy approach to children more important than formal qualifications. An excellent cook and other help employed. Salary £500/£525 with deduction for board residence. Pension Scheme available. Box 362.

WOMAN Assistant Teacher required for Bodenham Manor Residential School, Nr Hereford, which is a school for 32 maladjusted boys between the ages of 8 and 16 years. Salary in accordance with the Burnham scale plus emoluments for extra duties. Further particulars from The Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham 30.

YOUNG woman fond of children and domesticated as Assistant House Mother in Children's Home, 9 children aged 5-15. Country district, London 40 mins. Salary £410 less £120 for board and lodging. Apply Mrs Redpath, Melgan, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

PART-time assistant for small bookshop W1. Knowledge of book trade desirable. Box 370.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

EAST London Settlement. Resident Deputy-Head required in April. General responsibilities combined with charge of Old People's Day Centre and Workshop. Salary according to experience. Apply: The Head, St Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, London, E2.

HERTFORDSHIRE. St Christopher School, Letchworth. (Co-educational, Boarding and Day School; 400 pupils ages 3 to 19 (Senior School 290) and a full teaching staff of 40 men and women). Required in September, Master or Mistress to teach Latin throughout the Senior School. Burnham Scale and Government Superannuation. Further particulars available from the Headmaster.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation with London headquarters requires editorial assistant for Publications Department. English mother tongue plus good knowledge of several other languages, especially French, German, Italian and a Scandinavian language. Some knowledge of Spanish or Dutch would also be an advantage. Work would mainly involve writing original articles based on material in other languages and translating and abstracting intelligently. Permanent pensionable post; holiday bonus also paid. Applications with full details of qualifications to Box 291.

THE Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8, wishes to engage a young man, within the age-limits of 21 to 25, for permanent employment in its Secretariat. Prospects of advancement for a young man of good presence and with an aptitude for figures. Serious applicants, who believe they are fitted for a career in communal administration, are invited to submit to the Secretary, in writing and in confidence, full details of their education and career to date, together with copies of any testimonials they may possess.

INTELLIGENT woman, 25-30, graduate with publishing or teaching experience preferred and shorthand-typing, to assist director of educational publishing house with interesting progressive work. Five-day week 9.30-5.30, lunch vouchers, non-contributory pension scheme, pleasant conditions. Apply Educational Manager, Ginn & Company Ltd, 18 Bedford Row, WC1. HOL. 8823.

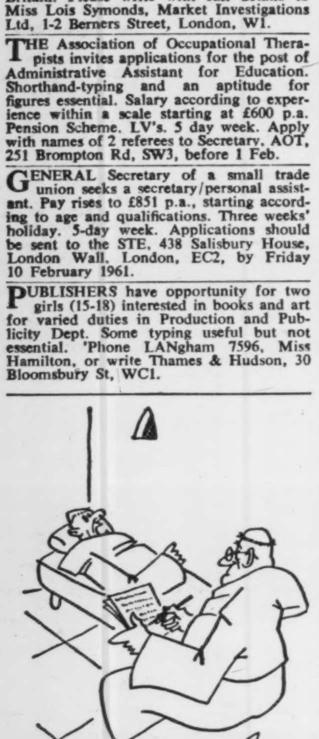
POLITICAL Zionist Women's Organisation requires Organising Secretary with initiative, used working independently. Interested in public relations and strengthening movement. Must be able to take charge office and staff. Apply PRImrose 9632 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

MARKET Investigations Limited, seek women in their twenties or early thirties to train as market research interviewers. The work is varied and interesting for those with a good standard of education. These posts are based on London with opportunities for travel throughout Great Britain. Please write with full details to Miss Lois Symonds, Market Investigations Ltd, 1-2 Berners Street, London, W1.

THE Association of Occupational Therapists invites applications for the post of Administrative Assistant for Education. Shorthand-typing and an aptitude for figures essential. Salary according to experience within a scale starting at £600 p.a. Pension Scheme. LV's. 5 day week. Apply with names of 2 referees to Secretary, AOT, 251 Brompton Rd, SW3, before 1 Feb.

GENERAL Secretary of a small trade union seeks a secretary/personal assistant. Pay rises to £851 p.a., starting according to age and qualifications. Three weeks' holiday. 5-day week. Applications should be sent to the STE, 438 Salisbury House, London Wall, London, EC2, by Friday 10 February 1961.

PUBLISHERS have opportunity for two girls (15-18) interested in books and art for varied duties in Production and Publicity Dept. Some typing useful but not essential. 'Phone LANgham 7596, Miss Hamilton, or write Thames & Hudson, 30 Bloomsbury St, WC1.



'And then the black sheep came along and eat up all the white sheep!'

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

CANADIAN Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, Nr Maidenhead. Rheumatism Research Unit (Medical Research Council). Shorthand/Typist required, prepared to help with research projects. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. Salary on scale £317 rising to maximum of £585 at age 30. Applications stating age, experience with names of two referees to Hospital Secretary.

SHORTHAND-Typist (adult) with measure of clerical duties required for Trade Union Research Department. Salary £11 8s. rising to £11 18s. per week after six months approved service. Five-day (35 hour) week; contributory superannuation scheme; good holidays. Apply with details: Box 241.

SECRETARY for Senior Partners of well-known firm of Architects. Sound secretarial training and good education essential. Previous experience in an Architect's office an advantage. Salary £600-£750 according to qualifications and experience. 3½ weeks holiday a year. Write giving details of age, education and experience to Box 319.

VACANCY for experienced shorthand-typist in social work agency in SW London. Salary according to age and experience. 35 hour week. Good holidays. Also vacancy for part-time shorthand-typist (15 hours per week). Box 304.

PERSONAL Secretary required Surrey, Hampshire Border; by school principal; efficiency and personality more important than high speeds. Interesting residential post, offering great variety to right person. Write Box 299.

COMPETENT shorthand-typist required about 20 hours per week, times to be decided according to mutual convenience. Pay 4s. 6d. per hour. Please apply Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, N4. STAmford Hill 7062.

ARCHITECTS. Small firm requires secretary commencing 13 February 3 mornings weekly, shorthand unnecessary. 37 Newton Road, W2. BAYswater 8959.

SECRETARIES, 20/30, for editorial director and public relations firm, both SW1. £10/£12 plus LV's. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARY for German law office. Perfect in German shorthand-typing. No Sat. work. Sal. £11 p.w. Apply Dr Kraft, 7 Kingsmead, New Barnet, Herts. BAR. 0724.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

'THE Art of Living' is to enjoy your work – find that interesting job through Winifred Johnson's Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, HOL. 0390 (next door to Gamages).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG gentleman (20), first-class background, wishes take up Travel Agency career. Fluent French/German. Enthusiastic & ambitious. Clean driving licence. Willing undertake Courier duties. Box 9794.

EXPERIENCED Secretary (42), shorthand-typist, English and German, seeks interesting position. Box 293.

YOUNG solicitor requires position where political and/or legal interests are utilised. Box 210.

HUMANITARIAN seeks project work anywhere, to develop basic needs. Field or Office. Individual or Group Scheme. Some exp. India. Wife SRN. Lowly reward. Determined. Most genuine. Box 265.

MAN (24), with University Engineering background, but no degree, seeks interesting work with technical bias. Location unimportant. Box 334.

INTELL. young man (24): deep interest and knowl. politics, philosophy, sociology. Exper. negotiation, man management: driver. Possess. initiative, integ. and cap. for hard work: sks post in socially useful employ. Prepd to study. Box 235.

SICK of dishwashing, adaptable young writer, edit. exp., type, drive, sks decent worthwhile job London, 6 mths. Box 335.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy (including Public Administration). The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £900-£1,900 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than 25 March 1961.

PERSONAL

A SUNNY informal holiday? Visit Mediterranean ports of your choice aboard 68 ft Brixham trawler. 12-berth. Sail/power. Moderate rates inclusive food, fuel, crew. Box 382.

CHILDREN'S Summer holidays in happy surroundings. Every care. Thanet House, Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

PERSONAL—continued

PLEASANT accom. and conditions offered to woman, pref. middle 30's, willing help brighten lonely home and prepared to act as nursing companion to my mother, a retired doctor. Tel. COL. 6146 before 10 a.m.

IS there a capable and sympathetic woman who wld like two small private rooms and all facilities in SE London luxury flat in return for housekeeping and non-nursing care for male invalid owner? Box 320.

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